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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JOHN EDWARD KENNA

FEBRUARY 27 AND MARCH 2, 1893.

PRESENTED BY
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U.S. 52d Cong., 2d sess. 1892-93.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JOHN EDWARD KENNA

(A SENATOR FROM WEST VIRGINIA),

DELIVERED IN THE

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

FEBRUARY 27 AND MARCH 2, 1893.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1893.

Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the Hon. JOHN E. KENNA, late a Senator from the State of West Virginia, 8,000 copies, of which 2,000 copies shall be delivered to the Senators and Representatives of that State, and of the remaining number, 2,000 shall be for the use of the Senate and 4,000 copies for the use of the House; and of the quota of the Senate the Public Printer shall set aside 50 copies, which he shall have bound in full morocco with gilt edges, the same to be delivered, when completed, to the family of the deceased; and the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby directed to have engraved and printed, at the earliest day practicable, a portrait of the deceased to accompany such eulogies.

Nov. 17, 1931

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Biographical sketch of Senator Kenna	5
Announcements of his death:	
In the Senate	11
In the House of Representatives	14
Funeral ceremonies in the Senate Chamber	19
Sermon of Bishop Keane	23
Proceedings at Charleston, West Virginia.	
Action of the legislature	29
Funeral services	32
Act providing for a statue	37
Proceedings in the Senate.	
Address of Mr. Faulkner, of West Virginia	39
Mr. Frye, of Maine	51
Mr. Gorman, of Maryland	56
Mr. Blackburn, of Kentucky	61
Mr. Cullom, of Illinois	64
Mr. Gray, of Delaware	67
Mr. Vest, of Missouri	70
Mr. Stewart, of Nevada	71
Mr. Daniel, of Virginia	73
Mr. Hawley, of Connecticut	79
Mr. Camden, of West Virginia	80
Proceedings in the House of Representatives.	
Address of Mr. Alderson, of West Virginia	89
Mr. Bingham, of Pennsylvania	95
Mr. Hooker, of Mississippi	97
Mr. Wilson, of Missouri	108
Mr. Pendleton, of West Virginia	111
Mr. Covert, of New York	114
Mr. Caruth, of Kentucky	117
Mr. Fellows, of New York	122
Mr. Springer, of Illinois	124
Mr. Mansur, of Missouri	126
Mr. Wilson, of West Virginia	131

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

JOHN EDWARD KENNA, Senator from West Virginia, died at his residence, No. 130 B street northeast, Washington, D. C., about 3 o'clock a. m., January 11, 1893.

For several years he had been a sufferer from the disease—an enlargement of the heart—which terminated fatally. His death, while not wholly unexpected, came with the suddenness of a great shock to friends who had cherished the hope that an improvement in his condition which was noticed a few days before the end came would at least prolong his life if, indeed, it did not lead to a permanent recovery.

Mr. KENNA was born in Valcoulon, Kanawha County, Virginia (now West Virginia), April 10, 1848. His father, Edward Kenna, a native of Ireland, came to the United States when 14 years of age and secured employment at Natchez, Miss., subsequently removing to Cincinnati, Ohio, where, after a brief business experience, he began the study of the law. In 1847 Edward Kenna married Margery, the only daughter of John Lewis, of Kanawha County, Va., a grandson of Gen. Andrew Lewis, a man famous in the early history of Virginia and one of a family of marked distinction in the annals of the Old Dominion. This marriage led to Mr. Kenna's removal to Kanawha County, Va., where he successfully pursued the practice of the law and gained an extended reputation as a public speaker. In 1856, when only 39 years of age, he died, leaving three children, two daughters and one son, JOHN EDWARD KENNA, aged eight years. Left in straitened circumstances, Mrs. Kenna removed,

in 1858, to Missouri, where her brother resided. Residing upon a farm in a section not then developed, young KENNA had few opportunities for acquiring an education. He worked on a farm with Mr. Lewis, his uncle, and in after years referred to the fact that he could look with pride upon one of the finest plantations in Missouri which he had helped to redeem from its natural state with a prairie plow and four yoke of oxen when he was but eleven years of age.

When sixteen years of age Mr. KENNA enlisted in the Confederate army and followed its fortunes to the end of the war. While serving in Gen. Shelby's brigade he was badly wounded in the shoulder and arm, but declined to be retired on account of his wounds and continued in active service. One who has written with true appreciation of his character says of this period of his life: "In all the constant and pressing march, though but 16 years of age and suffering from his wounds, he never failed of a task that any other soldier performed and never lost a day from active service." The command to which he was attached retreated from Missouri into Arkansas, encountering hardships that are indescribable. The severe exposures of the hurried march could not break the spirit of the young soldier, but they caused a serious illness, and he was taken to a hospital where he lay in a dangerous condition for six months. He rejoined his command in June, 1865, and was surrendered to the Federal forces at Shreveport, La. One who served with him remembers the handsome youth, bold and ardent of temperament, manly beyond his years, a general favorite, the life of the camp. None took more pride in his subsequent career than those who were his comrades in those arduous campaigns in Missouri and Arkansas.

Returning to his native county of Kanawha, to which his mother had returned, Mr. KENNA obtained employment at salt-making. But he wanted to do better: he had a desire to rise

in the world. Realizing the incompleteness of his education, through the assistance of kind friends, chief of whom was Bishop R. V. Whelan, he entered St. Vincent's Academy at Wheeling, and by diligent study acquired in the course of less than three years a knowledge of books sufficient to enable him to pursue his studies at home. After leaving school, in 1868, Mr. KENNA studied law in the office of Miller & Quarrier, at Charleston, W. Va., and was admitted to the bar in 1870. He rose rapidly in his profession. In 1872 he was nominated by the Democratic party and elected to the office of prosecuting attorney of Kanawha County, rendering in that important office efficient service. The duties of prosecuting attorney in one of the most populous counties of the State tried the qualities of the young lawyer, but he was equal to every test, and obtained a wider recognition of the powers which those who knew him intimately felt sure needed only the occasion to call them forth. In 1875 Mr. KENNA was elected judge *pro tem.* of the circuit court, and discharged the difficult duties of the office in a manner that added to his already well-merited reputation for industry and legal ability.

In 1876 Mr. KENNA was nominated by the Democrats of the Third district of West Virginia as their candidate for Congress, defeating men much older in years and of acknowledged ability and popularity. He was duly elected and entered Congress, the youngest member of that body. His aptitude for legislative duties was quickly discerned by Speaker Randall, who assigned him to service on important committees, and by other leaders, and it was not long before he became one of the most influential members of the House of Representatives. He was reëlected in 1878, in 1880, and 1882. Before the beginning of the term for which he had been last chosen he was elected to the United States Senate, in 1883, to succeed Hon. Henry G. Davis, and took his seat December 3, 1883, and was reëlected

in 1889 for the term ending March 3, 1895. When he entered the Senate he was, as he had been in the House, the youngest member of the body.

Mr. KENNA "developed at the very threshold of legislative life," said the writer previously quoted, "an aptness for it, and a coolness of judgment meriting the testimonials he received from other members, and from many of his constituents. He never spoke except when he had something to say. His splendid physique—standing full 6 feet—his smooth diction and clear enunciation, and his self-poise never failed to attract attention and command respect. His growth, after the full six years he served in the House, was continuous and steady. But few who served continuously with him developed as rapidly. He always represented the progressive, liberal, and vigorous element of his party, and consequently holds the respect of those aggressive working members of his own party and the esteem of his political opponents in legislative councils."

During Mr. KENNA's service in the House of Representatives and in the Senate he took part in many great debates and aided in shaping much important legislation. His service in the House will be forever identified with the legislation in connection with the regulation of interstate commerce, and particularly with the acts providing for the improvement of the navigation of the rivers of his native State. The development of the resources of West Virginia, through the improvement of the means of transportation by water, was to him a cherished project to which he devoted unremitting labor. The results already attained and the grander ones yet to be realized will keep in constant remembrance his Congressional service. In the Senate his masterly and exhaustive speech on the power of the President to remove officers without giving to the Senate the reasons for his action will preserve in imperishable records the fame of JOHN E. KENNA as an orator and constitutional

lawyer. (For this speech see Congressional Record of March 12, 1886, vol. 17, part 3, page 2328.)

Mr. KENNA was a singularly gifted man. Handsome of person, with attractive countenance and pleasing voice; with an intellect naturally strong and cultivated not alone by the study of the books but of men in the varied walks of life; a lawyer learned in the great principles of his profession; quick, logical, and forcible in debate, he was a man to command attention before any audience. Behind all was the character pure, sincere, earnest that gave weight, as no words alone, however eloquent, could do, to every utterance that he made. But it was in the simplicity and generosity of his character and the nobility of his nature that Mr. KENNA was preëminent. He was most rich in his capacity for friendship. All who came to know the man became his friends. His frank nature, his ready sympathy, his unpretentious manners, combined to make a personality so winning upon the affections that no man was more loved in life or has been more mourned in death.

He was a man close to the people. He mingled with them in their daily avocations, participated in their sports, joyed with them in their joys, and sorrowed with them in their sorrows. It was his delight to go far from the crowded marts of men and with gun and rod to hunt and fish among the mountains of his State. He delighted in the beauties of nature; the streams and forests and mountains were dear to him; his sympathies were as boundless as the sky.

The illness which caused Mr. KENNA's death was borne with characteristic fortitude. He never lost hope and was always brave, patient, cheerful. When the announcement of his death was made there was universal sorrow. Evidences of grief were apparent on all sides. Estimates of his services and character were gathered by the newspapers from men who

had known him, and editorials, stating the truth in what may seem to some the extravagant language of eulogy, were published in many papers. All agreed that the country had suffered a great loss, that a noble spirit had passed from earth. The Washington Post said:

> The seat in the United States Senate made vacant by the death of JOHN E. KENNA, of West Virginia, will no doubt be worthily filled, but never by one of nobler qualities or more lovable character than his. His friendships were limited only by the number of those who knew him; his kindliness of heart was measured only by the bounds of human sympathy; his sense of honor was cast in a chivalric mold, and his walk and conversation were those of an honorable and high-minded gentleman. Not only, however, were Mr. KENNA'S personal attributes peculiarly attractive, but he possessed abilities of a high order. He was a man of clear intellectual perceptions, of high attainments, and honest, patriotic purpose, well versed in public questions, and capable of supporting his positions with cogent and impressive argument, if not with brilliancy of rhetoric. Though one of the youngest of Senators, he enjoyed the confidence and respect of all, and on both sides the Chamber his loss will be profoundly felt and sincerely lamented.

His body was borne to the Capitol and funeral ceremonies held in the Senate Chamber. A committee from the legislature of West Virginia was present to represent the people whom he had so long served in Congress. The ceremonies were attended by the Senate and House of Representatives, the President and the members of his Cabinet, the leading officials of the Government, and the diplomatic corps. When the impressive ceremonies in the Senate Chamber were concluded the body, accompanied by the bereaved family, and the committees of the two Houses of Congress and of the legislature of West Virginia, was borne to the railroad station and placed on a special train to be carried to Charleston, W. Va., the late home of the deceased Senator, where the interment was made.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

OF THE

DEATH OF SENATOR KENNA.

IN THE SENATE.

WEDNESDAY, *January 11, 1893.*

Rev. J. G. Butler, D. D., the Chaplain of the Senate, offered the following prayer:

O, Thou, who livest and reignest forever, the everlasting God, our Maker, in Whom we live and move and have our being, we come humbly and reverently into Thy presence as we stand again in the shadow of death. We thank Thee for this faithful and useful life. We bless Thee for its patience in suffering and for the peace and quiet of its end. We remember before Thee the home bereft. Do Thou sustain and comfort and sanctify. O, that the peace of God may dwell there, in the midst of the great darkness.

Teach us heavenly wisdom. Thou art reminding us that there is but a step between us and death, that our life is only a vapor. Help us so to live day by day in the fear of God and in the service of men, keeping our own consciences right, that whenever labor and care and anxiety and joy and sorrow shall cease we may be prepared to fall asleep and to enter into rest.

O, Thou, who livest and wast dead and art alive forevermore, the abolisher of death, our only Saviour, our eye is toward Thee. We pray Thee lead us all through this pilgrim way over which the shadow of death is so often thrown. We thank Thee for light from heaven, and we pray Thee give unto us inspiration that our lives may be so restrained and fashioned and molded that they may be made a blessing to men and that God may be honored in our living.

Bless us in our families; bless us in our public and social relations; and help us everywhere to walk in the fear and love of the Lord, delivered from all uncharitableness one toward the other. We ask these mercies with forgiveness and grace, in Jesus' name. Amen.

The Journal of yesterday's proceedings was read and approved.

DEATH OF SENATOR KENNA.

Mr. BLACKBURN. Mr. President, it has never fallen to the lot of man to deliver a sadder message than I now bear to the Senate Chamber.

Because of the absence from this city of Mr. FAULKNER, a Senator from the State of West Virginia, the painful duty devolves upon me to announce to this body that JOHN E. KENNA, late a Senator from that State, died in this city in the early hours of this morning. After a long and lingering illness, during which the fatal malady of which he was the victim made steady and relentless progress, the end came. About 3 o'clock this morning, surrounded by his wife and family, he ceased to live, and the soul of the great Senator passed behind the veil and made its entry into the realms of that unknown world.

In the face of this fresh and mighty sorrow the tongue fails and refuses to speak that which wells up in the heart for

utterance. Measured by years, he was one of the youngest members in this Chamber, not yet 45 years of age; but measured by the accomplishments of his life, he ranked with the octogenarian. Whether as soldier or as citizen, as husband, father, or friend, he had rounded out a life and leaves behind him a record to challenge the approval of mankind. Measured as a lawyer or a lawmaker, he left his impress upon the generation to which he belonged. He has engraven in ineffaceable characters upon the history of his country his achievements here and in the other branch of the National Legislature. Kindly as a woman, unselfish to a fault, brave and unflinching in the discharge of every duty, it has never been my good fortune to come in contact with a nature more lovable, more exalted, than was that of our dead comrade.

I will not, Mr. President, trust myself to speak of him now. At some day in the early future the Senate, in obedience to its appropriate and honored custom, will set apart a day when tributes may be paid, by those who knew him and loved him, to his memory. Till then I will content myself by asking the present consideration of the resolutions I send to the desk.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolutions will be read.

The Chief Clerk read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with great sorrow of the death of the Hon. JOHN E. KENNA, late a Senator from the State of West Virginia.

Resolved, That a committee of seven Senators be appointed by the Vice-President to take order for superintending the funeral of Mr. KENNA, which will take place to-morrow, Thursday, in the Senate Chamber, at 1 o'clock p. m., and that the Senate will attend the same.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect entertained by the Senate for his memory, his remains be removed from Washington to West Virginia in charge of the Sergeant-at-Arms, and attended by the committee, who shall have full power to carry this resolution into effect.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these proceedings to the House of Representatives, and invite the House of Representatives to attend the funeral to-morrow, Thursday, at 1 o'clock p. m., and to appoint a committee to act with the committee of the Senate.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously.

The VICE-PRESIDENT appointed as the committee under the second resolution Mr. FAULKNER, Mr. BLACKBURN, Mr. RANSOM, Mr. DANIEL, Mr. WALTHALL, Mr. MANDERSON, and Mr. SQUIRE.

Mr. BLACKBURN. Mr. President, I ask for the consideration of the resolutions I now send to the desk.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolutions will be read.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

Resolved, That invitations be extended to the President of the United States and the members of his Cabinet, the Chief Justice and the associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, the diplomatic corps, the Major-General Commanding the Army, and the Senior Admiral of the Navy to attend the funeral of the Hon. JOHN E. KENNA, late a Senator from the State of West Virginia, in the Senate Chamber, to-morrow, Thursday, at 1 o'clock p. m.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the Senate do now adjourn.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously; and (at 12 o'clock and 15 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until tomorrow, Thursday, January 12, 1893, at 12 o'clock meridian.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

WEDNESDAY, *January 11, 1893.*

The House met at 12 o'clock m. The Chaplain, Rev. W. H. Milburn, D. D., offered the following prayer:

O, eternal God! as the knell once more sounds through the Capitol, and the saddening intelligence comes to us that a distinguished Senator and a man once prominent on this floor have finished their earthly journeys and gone to the solemn

tribunal of Thy presence, we pray that the lesson taught us may come home to every heart. "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever."

Hear our humble and earnest petitions in behalf of the wife and children of the Senator and of the children of the general, and comfort them, we pray Thee, by the consolations of Thy word and of Thy Holy Spirit. Let all who are in trouble and distress receive the benediction of Thy grace and the sunshine of the truth of Thy word. Prepare us all for the solemn change whenever it shall come; and at the end may we quietly pass to that rest which Thou hast prepared for Thy people. We pray through Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

* * * * *

MESSAGE FROM THE SENATE.

A message from the Senate, by Mr. McCook, its Secretary, announced the passage of sundry resolutions relative to the death of Hon. JOHN E. KENNA, late a Senator from the State of West Virginia.

DEATH OF HON. JOHN E. KENNA.

Mr. WILSON of West Virginia. Mr. Speaker, the resolutions just communicated from the Senate announce to this House a fact whose impressive solemnity I shall not lessen by words of my own at this time.

For sixteen years Mr. KENNA had represented West Virginia in this House and in the Senate, with the warm approval of his constituents and the applause of his countrymen.

Judged by the length of his service and the distinction of his service, he had filled out a long and honored career. Judged

by the number of his years, as they are measured in the calendar, he had scarcely reached the meridian of life, or entered upon that tableland where his rare powers would have borne their ripest and most abundant fruit.

I ask leave, sir, in response to the resolutions of the Senate, to offer the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will first report the resolutions from the Senate.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with great sorrow of the death of the Hon. JOHN E. KENNA, late a Senator from the State of West Virginia.

Resolved, That a committee of seven Senators be appointed by the Vice-President to take order for superintending the funeral of Mr. KENNA, which will take place to-morrow, Thursday, in the Senate Chamber, at 1 o'clock p. m., and that the Senate will attend the same.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect entertained by the Senate for his memory, his remains be removed from Washington to West Virginia in charge of the Sergeant-at-Arms, and attended by the committee, who shall have full power to carry this resolution into effect.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these proceedings to the House of Representatives, and invite the House of Representatives to attend the funeral to-morrow, Thursday, at 1 o'clock p. m., and to appoint a committee to act with the committee of the Senate.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the Senate do now adjourn.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will now report the resolutions offered by the gentleman from West Virginia.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That this House has learned with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JOHN E. KENNA, a Senator of the United States from the State of West Virginia.

Resolved, That the Speaker of the House appoint a committee of ten members, to act in conjunction with the committee appointed by the Senate, to take order for superintending the funeral and to accompany the remains to their last resting place.

Resolved, That the House accept the invitation of the Senate to attend the funeral to-morrow, Thursday, at 1 o'clock p. m., and that the Clerk of the House communicate these proceedings to the Senate.

Resolved, That, as a further tribute and mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, this House do now adjourn.

The SPEAKER. The question is on the adoption of the resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously.

The SPEAKER. Before announcing the result of the vote, and declaring the House adjourned, the Chair will appoint as members of the committee :

Mr. ALDERSON, Mr. PENDLETON, Mr. WILSON of West Virginia, Mr. CAPEHART, Mr. OUTHWAITE, Mr. TUCKER, Mr. DUNGAN, Mr. MANSUR, Mr. HENDERSON of Illinois, and Mr. BINGHAM.

The SPEAKER. In accordance with the terms of the resolutions just adopted, the Chair now declares the House adjourned until to-morrow at 12 o'clock m.

And accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 48 minutes) the House adjourned.

THURSDAY, *January 12, 1893.*

FUNERAL SERVICES OF SENATOR KENNA.

Mr. WILSON of West Virginia offered the following resolution; which was read, considered, and adopted:

Resolved, That at 12 o'clock and 55 minutes p. m. to-day the House proceed to the Senate Chamber to attend the funeral services of the late Senator KENNA, and upon the conclusion of such services the House return to its Chamber and resume its session for the day.

FUNERAL SERVICES IN THE SENATE CHAMBER.

THURSDAY, *January 12, 1893.*

Rev. J. G. Butler, D. D., the Chaplain of the Senate, offered the following prayer:

O Thou, in whom is no darkness at all, the light and the life of men, help us this day and every day to walk in Thy light. We thank Thee for the light of Thy Word and the light of the perfect life. We bless Thee for all who so live in the obedience and faith and love of the gospel that their light shines abroad, that men may see their good works and be led to glorify Thee, our Father in Heaven.

We bless Thee for this great free land, with all its institutions of education and religion and all the people free. We pray, O God, that Thou wouldst shine more and more into our hearts, making plain the path of duty, delivering us from the power of darkness and error in every form and from the bondage of ignorance and sin, filling us with Thine own mind so that we may enter more and more into that freedom wherewith Christ makes men and nations free.

Guide us this day by Thy counsel. We thank Thee for the care of the night and the mercies of the morning.

We look to Thee, O God, as we come to these duties, and pray that as we turn toward and from the open grave we may learn lessons of heavenly wisdom, so walking in the fear and love of God, with charity toward our fellow-men, that our lives may be made a benediction.

Sanctify to us all Thy providences. Bless with us our fellowmen in every class and condition, and may our land stand more and more for the truth and justice, the equity and righteousness, of the religion of Christ. We ask these mercies, with forgiveness and grace, in Jesus' name. Amen.

The Journal of yesterday's proceedings was read and approved.

Mr. FAULKNER. Mr. President, owing to my absence yesterday I made an arrangement with the Senator from Kentucky [Mr. BLACKBURN], on whom was imposed the sad privilege of announcing to the Senate the death of my distinguished colleague, Senator JOHN E. KENNA, of West Virginia. I come from the capital of the State, where were assembled yesterday the representatives of the people of that State. I bear with me to the Senate the evidences of their sympathy at this sad bereavement, not only to the people of that State, but to the nation.

As a further evidence of their high esteem and distinguished regard for the Senator who is now departed, they appointed from the senate and house of representatives of that body a joint committee to proceed to the capital of the nation and to escort the remains of the deceased Senator to the capital of of the State, where the interment will take place. Under the rules of the Senate it becomes my duty at this time to ask the unanimous consent that the privileges of the floor be granted to this representative committee of the legislature of the State of West Virginia.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. Unanimous consent will be considered as agreed to, if there be no objection. The Chair hears none.

The joint committee of the legislature of West Virginia was composed of Mr. C. C. Watts, Mr. W. H. Tarr, Mr. J. A. Sheppard, Mr. John E. Peck, and Mr. A. Garrison on the part of the senate, and Mr. L. D. Chambers, Mr. Joseph F. Clark, Mr.

R. S. Hammett, Mr. L. H. Graham, and Mr. S. J. Greer on the part of the house of delegates.

Mr. MANDERSON. I move that the Senate take a recess until a quarter of 1 o'clock.

The motion was agreed to; and at the expiration of the recess (at 12 o'clock and 45 minutes p. m.) the Senate reassembled.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. T. O. Towles, its Chief Clerk, announced that the House had passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That this House has learned with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JOHN E. KENNA, a Senator of the United States from the State of West Virginia.

Resolved, That the Speaker of the House appoint a committee of ten members to act in conjunction with the committee appointed by the Senate, to take order for superintending the funeral and to accompany the remains to their last resting place.

Resolved, That the House accept the invitation of the Senate to attend the funeral to-morrow, Thursday, at 1 o'clock p. m., and that the Clerk of the House communicate these proceedings to the Senate.

Resolved, That, as a further tribute and mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, this House do now adjourn.

The message also announced that the Speaker had appointed as the committee under the second resolution Mr. ALDERSON, Mr. PENDLETON, Mr. WILSON of West Virginia, Mr. CAPEHART, Mr. OUTHWAITE, Mr. TUCKER, Mr. DUNGAN, Mr. MANSUR, Mr. HENDERSON of Illinois, and Mr. BINGHAM.

Before the assembling of the Senate the body of Mr. KENNA had been removed from his late residence to the marble room, where it remained under a guard of Capitol police until taken into the Senate Chamber. The casket was covered with black cloth and was devoid of ornaments save a plain silver plate bearing the following inscription:

JOHN EDWARD KENNA,

Born, April 10, 1848.

Died, January 11, 1893.

At eight minutes before 1 o'clock the members of the House of Representatives, preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms and Clerk, and headed by the Speaker, entered the Senate Chamber. The Speaker was escorted to a seat at the right of the Vice-President, the Clerk sat at the Secretary's desk, the Sergeant-at-Arms on the right of the Vice-President's desk, and the members of the House were escorted to the seats on the floor provided for them.

They were soon followed by the Major-General Commanding the Army, the diplomatic corps, the Chief Justice and associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, the President of the United States, and the members of the Cabinet, who were respectively escorted to the seats assigned them on the floor of the Senate Chamber.

At 1 o'clock and 14 minutes p. m. the casket containing the remains of the deceased Senator was brought into the Senate Chamber, having been preceded by the committee of the legislature of West Virginia, the family of the deceased, and escorted by the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, the committee of arrangements of the two Houses, the pallbearers selected from the Capitol police, and followed by acolytes and Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, rector of the Catholic University America; Rev. P. J. Donahue, of Baltimore, Md.; Rev. D. F. Schmitt, Rev. James F. Donahue, Rev. M. J. Riordan, of Barnesville, Md.; Rev. J. Havens Richards, S. J., president of Georgetown University; Rev. Jacob Walter, Rev. C. Gillespie, S. J.; Rev. William J. Scanlan, S. J.; Rev. P. J. McGinney, S. J.; Rev. John G. Delaney, Rev. James Mackin, Rev. John Gloyd, Rev. Joseph F. McGee, Rev. M. P. Sullivan, Rev. P. J. O'Connell, Rev. E. E. Maynadier, Rev. B. Gordian, F. S. C.; Rev. D. J. O'Connor, of Clarksburg, W. Va., and Rev. J. M. Gleason, Rev. James L. Gorey, Rev. Edward P. Dempsey, and Rev. John A. Cull, of the Catholic University of America.

The prayers for the burial of the dead prescribed by the ritual of the Catholic Church were read first in Latin and then in English by Rev. James F. Donahue, assistant pastor of St. Joseph's Church, and the responses were made by attending clergymen.

After the incensing and blessing of the body,

Rt. Rev. John J. Keane delivered the following sermon:

FUNERAL SERMON OF BISHOP KEANE.

At the request of his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, and as his representative on this solemn occasion, it is my privilege to offer to Senator KENNA the church's tribute of respect and affection. His country, whose chief and most honored representatives are at this moment clustered around him, has given and will yet give fitting expression to her appreciation of the tireless energy, the distinguished ability, and the blameless integrity with which he filled for so many years the high offices to which his fellow-citizens had called him. Let it be permitted to his mother church to mingle her accents with those of his country, to tell of those qualities that made him near and dear to her—yea, the qualities in which lay the real secret of all his public worth.

A life is noble in proportion as it has before it a noble ideal and strives manfully to live up to it. But nowhere in all the universe of human thought and aspiration can there be found such an ideal as that which faith from his earliest years held before him; nowhere such motives and means for its attainment as his faith supplied him with.

In his early childhood faith taught him to say to his own busy mind, and to answer to all who asked of him the reason of his being: "God made me that I might know Him, love Him, and serve Him in this world, and be happy with Him forever in the next." It showed him that he was the offspring

of infinite love, and that his destiny was the perfection and the beatitude of his being in love eternal.

When, from the littleness of his finite being and from the lowliness of this earthly abode, he looked up to the far-off boundless infinite and asked "How can I reach a destiny there?" his faith showed him the one Mediator, the Word made flesh, the God Man, the bridge between the infinite and the finite, whose humanity stoops to embrace the lowliest child of earth, and whose divinity lifts those that are willing to be lifted up to their destiny in the eternal bosom. He heard the Saviour whisper, "No one cometh to the Father but through me." He saw that only through love incarnate could humanity find its way to God; and even as a child he vowed in his heart that he would do it.

Then he asked, "But tell me what this means in practice, what it implies in my daily life?" And his faith answered, in the words of our Lord, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind, and with thy whole strength." To this his young heart responded willingly, because he knew that the sweetest of all things is love, and that the noblest of all loves is the love of God. And then faith pointed to all that his life was ever to have relations with and said, "And the second commandment is like to the first: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Thus in the light that beamed forth from the incarnate God he saw clearly, unmistakably, the spiritual nobleness to which his own life was called, while that same radiance clothing every human being in the sweetness and dignity of the eternal Father's love and of kinship to the Saviour stirred his young heart with yearnings that his life might be useful as well as holy, that it might not only give glory to God in the highest, but also spread peace and good will along his pathway on earth.

Within his soul he heard the voice of conscience and of natural benevolence echoing the Saviour's words and giving them forth as a command of their own; but how immeasurably was their persuasiveness intensified and their efficacy heightened when he recognized that they were indeed an echo of His voice who so sweetly said to him: "Whatsoever thou shalt do even to one of my least brethren thou shalt have done it unto me." He had before him the loftiest ideal, and he craved to be worthy of it.

Then, as his life developed and the horizon of his relationships and his duties expanded, his faith showed him that the same eternal Father, who has so wonderfully framed and elevated human nature, and who has so sweetly fashioned and blessed the links which bind one to family, to friends, and to the associates of daily intercourse, has also with equal wisdom and love devised and sanctioned human society in its widest and highest forms of country and of humanity: that it is He who fires the patriot's heart with love of country; that it is He who distends the heart of the philanthropist with longings for the welfare of mankind, for the progress of the race. He saw in the light of Christ that this was the noblest reach of unselfishness and benevolence; that this above all was worthy to be animated by His spirit; that whatever the life of man was capable of under the promptings of manly courage, of loyalty to duty, of broadness of sympathies, of disinterested self-sacrifice—all this, and more and higher still, was comprised in the ideal of Christian patriotism and Christian heroism; that herein was found the lofty inspiration that made apostles and martyrs for country and for humanity as well as for religion and for God. And he saw that if even the least act of charity and self-sacrifice, done for the least of human beings, would be regarded by our Divine Saviour as done to Himself, much more would noble and lofty service, achieved in

the spirit of a Christian for the good of country or of mankind, be regarded by the Saviour of the world as most pleasing and meritorious service to the Divine Majesty.

Here was the lofty ideal which, from his earliest years, JOHN EDWARD KENNA saw held before him by his faith. And such was the ideal by which, up to his latest breath, Senator KENNA well knew that he had to measure and to judge all the work of his life. Well has the great apostle said: "The just man liveth by faith." That life must, in the nature of things, fall short of the measure of full justice that is not thus inspired and directed by faith. For faith alone tells in its fullness all that a man is meant to be to himself, to his fellow-men, to his God; and he who measures his life by another standard measures it necessarily by a lower one, and must fall short of his full heaven-appointed duty.

Thanks be to God whose providence gave this good man from his earliest boyhood no other standard by which to shape and estimate his life, and unto his last day permitted him to judge himself by no different criterion. Were I to assert that he had never in any moment of his life relaxed in his striving after the great ideal or swerved from the line of perfect fidelity in its realization, he would be first to rebuke me for the exaggeration, and I can fancy that those silent lips, erst so prompt and strong for honesty and truth, would say, "No, I was human: even while the spirit was willing the flesh was weak. Many and many a time did I strike my breast and say, 'O God, be merciful to me a sinner.'" And now, in the language of the liturgy, his spirit cries out, "Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy great mercy, and according to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my iniquity. A sacrifice to God is a repentant spirit; the contrite and humble heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

"But," he would add with characteristic frankness, "when-

ever I approached the sacrament of penance by a good confession"—and his family can testify that he did it frequently and fervently—"I honestly deplored before God my shortcomings and sins; and every time I received my Saviour into my poor heart in the holy communion I vowed to Him that I would renew my resolve of fidelity to every duty towards my God, my country, and my fellow-men, and that I would strive to fulfill them in His own spirit."

Well did our Divine Lord know the needs of human nature when He established in His church these sacramental channels of His grace, to curb, to spur, to chide, to comfort, and encourage and cheer upward, according to our many necessities. And well do we know that no man who conscientiously has recourse to them can be a bad man. Nay, well do we know that he can not but be a good man, a better man by far than without these restraints and helps and encouragements of religion he naturally could be.

Because of his faith, because of the glorious uplifting truths it taught him, because of the potent spiritual aids it gave him, JOHN EDWARD KENNA was a wiser man, a stronger man, a safer man, a more reliable and dutiful and useful man in every department of life. His career was all the more an honor to his country and a blessing to humanity because of the divine element that was in it. The links of deep and strong and sincere affection which bound him to family and to friends were all the sweeter and all the tenderer because of that spirit in the heart of Christ which he venerated, which he loved, and in which his soul yearned to participate.

Blessed be God for all that his faith did for him, for the ideal it held before him, for the ambition it implanted in his heart, for the aspirations it poured into his soul, for the holy aids and restraints with which it enriched his daily life. Blessed be God for the depths of comfort and of peace with which the

ministrations of divine mercy filled his weeks of suffering and the hour of his death.

And now may eternal love repair and perfect in him whatever his life has left faulty and imperfect. May "the Father of Mercies and the God of all consolation, who comforteth us in all our tribulations," pour into the hearts of his bereaved loved ones the balm of His healing and soothing grace. And may the God of wisdom and of power, the author of all that is true and beautiful and good, grant to every one of us that we may be truly wise, that we may render our lives pleasing to our Creator and profitable to our fellow-men, by living them under the inspiration and guidance of His holy faith.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The committee of arrangements will escort the remains of the deceased Senator from the Chamber, accompanying the body to the Pennsylvania Railroad depot and from thence to the place of burial; and the guests of the Senate will retire in the reverse order of their entrance.

The casket was borne from the Chamber, attended by the committee of arrangements, the family of the deceased Senator, the clergymen, and the committee of the legislature of West Virginia.

The invited guests having retired from the Chamber,

Mr. ALLISON. I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and (at 1 o'clock and 48 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Friday, January 13, 1893, at 12 o'clock m.

PROCEEDINGS AT CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA.

The announcement of the death of Senator KENNA caused great sorrow in Charleston. As soon as the news was received the flags on the statehouse and other public buildings were lowered to half-mast, and the mayor of the city, Mr. Pemberton, called a meeting of the citizens to take immediate action in regard to arrangements for the funeral. The citizens of Charleston and those from other portions of the State then in the city met in the senate chamber at the capitol. Mayor Pemberton presided and a committee, consisting of ex-Governor E. W. Wilson, Governor A. B. Fleming, Hon. Eustace Gibson, Dr. D. Mayer, and Dr. E. L. Boggs, was appointed to draft resolutions suitable to the occasion. A committee of twelve was appointed to make arrangements for the funeral and to meet the remains at the depot and escort them to the capitol. Brief but touching speeches were made by a number of the prominent men who were present.

ACTION OF THE LEGISLATURE.

The death of Mr. KENNA was announced in both houses of the legislature and a resolution adopted that the members of the senate and house of delegates should meet the remains at the railroad station and accompany them to the state capitol; a committee was appointed from each house to proceed to Washington and escort the body to Charleston; and upon the day of the funeral the legislature adjourned to enable its members to attend.

The proceedings in the senate were very impressive. Gen. C. C. Watts, speaking both as an intimate friend and as one who spoke for the people of West Virginia, announced the death of Senator KENNA in the following words:

"Mr. PRESIDENT: I arise to perform the saddest duty of my life. It is to convey to this senate the sad intelligence of the death of our distinguished Senator, JOHN EDWARD KENNA. My first acquaintance with Mr. KENNA began twenty-five years ago, when as mere boys we entered upon the practice of the law. I was intimately associated with him and thoroughly acquainted with the ins and outs of his life. From my first acquaintance with him up to the time he was elected prosecuting attorney, and from that day until this, the people of West Virginia have watched his career with pride. They have watched him as a public servant, elected when but a boy some twenty-four years of age; watched him go through that office into the national House of Representatives as the youngest member of Congress, watched his career there and have seen him take rank with the highest, brightest, and brainiest men in Congress; they have watched him as he passed through Congress, term after term, in the House of Representatives, adding to his already early earned reputation, until finally the people of this State, after his third term in the House of Representatives, elected him to a seat in the United States Senate: they have watched his career there with satisfaction and pride from that day until this, when suddenly the news is flashed over the country bringing to us the sad intelligence that JOHN EDWARD KENNA, the senior Senator of West Virginia, this morning at 3 o'clock passed peacefully from earth.

"I deem it very proper here in your presence in the senate of the State of West Virginia, among his friends in the State of his nativity, to attest, as one of his warmest friends, his great moral worth, both as a public servant and as a private

citizen. Few men in this or any other age have displayed a bigger brain, a warmer heart, or a more sublime character than JOHN EDWARD KENNA.

"Mr. President, in the midst of the depression and gloom which surrounds us, I can not find further words to express my feelings for him who was my dearest friend on earth. I submit, sir, to the clerk of the senate, the following resolutions and ask that they be read and adopted."

The resolutions which were submitted were as follows:

Whereas we have just learned with feelings of the most profound regret and sorrow of the sad death of the Hon. JOHN E. KENNA, the distinguished senior Senator from this State, at the city of Washington, at the hour of 3 o'clock this morning; and

Whereas we recognize that in his death the country at large and the State which he has served so long, so faithfully, and so well, in particular, have suffered a loss which must be appreciated by every citizen of this State who loved him as a friend, respected him as a public servant of incorruptible integrity, and a citizen who has reflected a marvelous degree of credit upon his native State; Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved family our deepest sympathy in this the hour of their great sorrow.

Resolved, further, That a committee to be composed of five members of the senate to act with a like committee to be appointed by the house, to make the necessary arrangements for his funeral, and if necessary to go to the city of Washington for that purpose, be appointed.

Resolved, further, That a committee of five senators be appointed by the president to prepare appropriate resolutions on his death; such resolutions to be spread upon the record of the senate.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the senate do now adjourn.

The resolutions were adopted unanimously.

The committees provided for therein were then named by the President, as follows:

On arrangements: Mr. Watts, Mr. Tarr, Mr. Peck, Mr. Sheppard, and Mr. Garrison.

On resolutions: Mr. Watts, Mr. St. Clair, Mr. Scott, Mr. Henderson, and Mr. Worley.

The senate then adjourned.

The funeral train, bearing the remains of Mr. KENNA and

the escorting party, reached Charleston Friday afternoon and was met by the members of the legislature, the committee appointed at the meeting of the citizens of Charleston, and by a large concourse of citizens of West Virginia.

The remains of the dead statesman were removed to the home of his aged mother, where they were allowed to rest for two hours, after which they were taken to the senate chamber. The exterior of the capitol was draped in mourning and all flags in the city were suspended at half-mast. The city was shrouded in gloom, and everywhere were to be heard words of praise for the dead Senator and of sorrow for his loss. The senate chamber was hung in heavy black drapery. In the center of the room the remains, in a handsome black casket, rested upon the catafalque, surrounded by flowers, the gifts of friends.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

The last sad rites were performed on Saturday morning. The remains were removed from the capitol to St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church. This modest building, which Mr. KENNA had designed twenty years before, was unable to accommodate the throng which assembled to do honor to his memory. The building was crowded and many were compelled to stand outside the doors. Both branches of the legislature adjourned out of respect to the memory of the deceased, and attended the funeral. The governor and principal officials of the State were also present. The solemn high mass of the Catholic Church was celebrated by the Rev. J. W. Stenger, assisted by Rev. Father Marlborough. Father Stenger paid an eloquent tribute to the virtues of the deceased statesman, whose pastor and friend he had been for years. He said:

"MY DEAR FRIENDS: I regret exceedingly that the small dimensions of the chapel make it impossible for all the sur-

rounding friends of Mr. KENNA to gather around this bier and fully satisfy their hearts with doing him honor during these last moments of his presence amongst us. When, twenty-five years ago, Mr. KENNA with his own hand, now so cold and motionless, sketched the plan of this small building for the convenience of the handful of Catholics who then resided here, neither he nor I dreamed that he would be struck down in the prime of his manhood; that his mortal remains would be brought before this altar from the capital of the nation, escorted by a cortege of honor from the Congress of the United States, and met by hundreds of representative citizens from all parts of the State; and that on me would devolve the melancholy duty of performing the last sad rites of the church over him.

"Before the altar of God, in the presence of the dead, while we are pleading in the prayers of the liturgy for mercy and rest for his soul, it is hardly the time and place to sound the praise of a mortal man, however distinguished may have been his achievements, yet, my dear friends, you have loved JOHN E. KENNA and so have I, and we feel that the recital of some of his good qualities would not be gravely out of harmony with the solemn spirit of this occasion to our hearts. He was a favorite perhaps as no other man has been with the people of Kanawha Valley in particular, and with the citizens of the entire State of West Virginia. There are many here who can recall with me that scene which occurred in the hall of the delegates at the capitol three years ago, when the dead-lock was finally broken and JOHN E. KENNA was again chosen to represent his State in the United States Senate; they remember how strong men fell on each other's necks and wept for sheer joy that the man who held their affections had again come victorious out of the protracted contest. A few weeks ago, when the news of his serious illness was sent over the land, all spoke words of pity and regret; and the columns of

the press of the State irrespective of political difference were filled with touching tributes to his worth. To-day you are yourselves witnesses of the universal grief over his untimely end. West Virginia is mourning her gifted KENNA as Georgia mourned her eloquent Grady.

"These, my dear friends, are the evidence of a popularity which must be traced to a deeper cause than mere success. They tell us that by some magic peculiar to him, Mr. KENNA insinuated himself deep into the affections of the people of this State. What was this magic? I have had good opportunity of studying him.

"When he entered the college at Wheeling, in 1867, I was a teacher in the institution and saw him daily. When he came back from college to begin the study of the law, he found me here before him engaged in laying the foundation of the Catholic mission of the Kanawha Valley. For a year or perhaps longer, we lodged in the same house, and I gave him the benefit of my knowledge of the Latin language, by rendering into English for him the foot-notes of Blackstone's Commentaries on English law. We were companions and friends in a higher than the ordinary sense, for I was his pastor and in some degree his mentor. We never became seriously estranged, though our judgments did not coincide regarding the career which already at that time he was mapping out for himself.

"Being of a more phlegmatic temperament than his, addicted to the slow, plodding method, and knowing little of the stimulus of ambition, I was most likely incapable of suspecting its force in a youth as strong in health, as ardent in temperament, and as keen in intellect as he was. I was not in favor of his entering into politics. I could not know what a transcendant faculty for leading and swaying men was struggling within him for development during our interviews. I could never fail to see in him, even in recent years, when gray hairs had begun

to show on his temples, and lines of care in his face, the same familiar boy. His gayety was infectious, and it was no doubt a strong element of the charm that won for him the hearts of men. It continued with him amid the cares of public life. It was with him in the domestic circle. I fear almost to speak of it in the hearing of his tearful children, for to them he was no less the jolly playfellow than the ruler of the household.

"But behind this unquenchable gayety there was a manhood of the strongest type. He loved what is manly. He loved what challenges the courage and energy of a man. The sports which he preferred were of this nature, so also were the serious tasks of his life. To vault from the office of prosecuting attorney of a West Virginia county into the place of a United States Congressman was a feat that tempted his courage. He accomplished it. He maintained himself there for three terms, then won his way still higher. And when he found himself in the eminence, he was not content to be an incompetent figurehead, but soon mastered measures and methods and made himself eminently useful to the people whose commission he bore. He was also manly under reverses and sorrows. It was during his first effort to get to Congress that the sickness and death of his first wife called him to her bedside and then to her grave. He bore up under the blow with uncomplaining fortitude that won the sympathy and admiration of all the people of this city. I shall say nothing further about him as a public man. It would be cruel to detain you longer in this cold church; still as his pastor during more than twenty-six years, I am entitled to the privilege of saying only a few words about his religious faith.

"He, himself, would protest against my exhibiting him as a Christian of tender piety, but I truthfully and heartily bear testimony that he had a sincere and strong Catholic faith. When he was ready to enter public life he never felt the temp-

tation to fling aside his faith that might handicap him in the race for position. He never felt called upon to apologize for his creed under a government that leaves every man free to worship his Maker according to the dictates of his conscience. While he did not obtrusively proclaim his religion from the housetops, he was willing that the world should know that he believed in the doctrines of the old church and acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope. There were, perhaps, periods when the preoccupation of his politics caused him to adjourn the consideration of his religious duties longer than he should have done, but he never thought of entirely abandoning them. On Sundays, when in town, he faithfully occupied his place in church, and he was seen, too, at the communion railing.

"On the day of his eldest boy's first communion he gave my congregation the edification of seeing him kneeling humbly at the railing with the boy and professing his faith in the real presence. As for his faults, he was honest enough to admit them. He is dead, and it is not our province to settle the account between him and his Maker. God in His mercy accorded him the time during his painful last illness to regulate the affairs of his conscience."

The active pall-bearers were Mr. R. Ballard, Mr. John Van Buren, Gen. C. C. Watts, Mr. C. C. Lewis, Mr. A. P. Chilton, Mr. Joseph Chilton, Mr. Joseph O'Grady, and Mr. C. K. McDermott, all of Charleston. The honorary pall-bearers were the members of the committees of the Senate and House of Representatives, and Hon. C. P. Snyder, Mr. J. H. Huling, Mr. E. L. Butterick, Mr. S. S. Green, Dr. John P. Hale, Mr. William F. Goshorn, Dr. James N. Mahan, and Judge J. D. Brown.

At the conclusion of the religious ceremonies the remains of JOHN EDWARD KENNA were borne past groups of sorrowing men and women and children who had known and loved him, and laid to rest in the Catholic Cemetery.

January 25, 1893, the legislature of West Virginia passed a joint resolution requesting the Representatives of the State in Congress to take the necessary steps to secure the desk and chair lately used in the Senate by JOHN EDWARD KENNA, and that the same be forwarded to Charleston, W. Va., there to be kept permanently in the statehouse in said city as the property of the State.

Before the legislature adjourned it provided that a statue of Senator KENNA should be placed in the Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington. The act is as follows:

AN ACT to provide for the presentation to Congress of a statue of JOHN E. KENNA, and making an appropriation to pay for same.

Be it enacted by the legislature of West Virginia, That the governor, president of the senate, and speaker of the house of delegates, *ex-officio*, and J. E. Dana, A. W. Campbell, Johnson N. Camden, and Charles J. Faulkner shall constitute a commission to procure from a competent artist a statue of JOHN E. KENNA, in marble, to be erected in the Capitol at Washington, in pursuance to the laws of the United States; said presentation shall be made as a part of the contribution of the State of West Virginia to the national gallery.

2. The sum of five thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, to pay for the said statue and its erection, as provided in section one of this act; and the auditor shall issue his warrant upon the treasurer for the price of such statue and its erection, not to exceed the sum aforesaid, when the said commission, or a majority of them, shall certify the price of such statue to him, that same has been erected as aforesaid.

3. The members of said commission shall serve without compensation.

Passed February 20, 1893.

Approved February 22, 1893.

[NOTE BY THE CLERK OF THE HOUSE OF DELEGATES.]

The foregoing act takes effect from its passage, two-thirds of the members elected to each house, by a vote taken by yeas and nays, having so directed.

EULOGIES IN THE SENATE.

MONDAY, *February 27, 1893.*

Mr. FAULKNER. Mr. President, pursuant to notice heretofore given, I submit the resolutions which I send to the desk, and ask that they be now read and considered.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolutions will be read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JOHN E. KENNA, late a Senator from the State of West Virginia, and extends to his afflicted family sincere sympathy and condolence in their bereavement.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect to the memory of Mr. KENNA the legislative business of the Senate be now suspended in order that his former associates in this body may pay fitting tribute to his memory.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate be directed to transmit to the family of the deceased, and also to the governor of West Virginia, a certified copy of these resolutions, with a statement of the action of the Senate thereon.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Resolved, That, as a further testimonial of respect to the memory of the deceased Senator, the Senate do now adjourn.

ADDRESS OF MR. FAULKNER, OF WEST VIRGINIA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: In the name of the people of a State who in life respected, admired, and loved JOHN EDWARD KENNA, and who, now that death has claimed him as his own, without dis-

tinction of party, section, creed, or faction, sincerely mourn the loss of a gifted son, I ask that the legislative business be temporarily suspended, that the representatives of the States may unite in a last sad tribute to the memory of an associate whom all admired for his high intellectual gifts, and many, yes very many, loved for those bright, social, and genial traits of character that fascinated and charmed, and who now—

> Long for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still.

Mr. President, no public man has ever been in closer touch with the people of my State, and I doubt whether, in the future, any other will so endear himself to them by his personality and public services as Mr. KENNA. His frank and manly greeting; his genial companionship; his fund of anecdote and illustration; his unique and striking expressions; his love of hunting, fishing, and all the manly sports; his undaunted courage and unswerving integrity; his liberality and unselfishness; his tender pathos and burning eloquence, all united in a personality representing the most perfect specimen of physical manhood, made him the idol of many and caused him to be respected, admired, and beloved by all.

His death was not only a public calamity, but a personal bereavement to the people he so long and ably represented. Nothing was left undone by the State or the citizens that could give emphasis to the sentiment of public and private misfortune. The legislature, by resolutions, gave expression to the sentiment of our people. The press, without distinction of party, laid upon his casket the garlands of its highest tribute. A joint committee of the two houses was appointed to proceed to this city and with the committee of Congress to escort his remains to the capital of the State, where, surrounded by all the evidences and emblems of a grateful peo-

ple's profound sorrow, thousands gazed upon that calm, strong, brave face never to be seen again—

> Till impregnate with Jehovah's blast,
> Graves bring forth, and at His menace dread,
> In the smoke of planets melting fast,
> Once again the tombs give up their dead.

Mr. KENNA was born in Kanawha County, Va., now West Virginia, April 10, 1848, and died in the city of Washington on the 11th day of January, 1893.

Philosophy but confirms the teachings of experience, that man's character, to a great extent, is molded and fashioned by the circumstances which surrounded its growth and development. The youth and manhood of Mr. KENNA were but an illustration of this truth. His magnificent physique; his vigorous intellect; his courageous and independent spirit, were not the results of a condition of luxury and ease, but the development of these characteristics, which were so marked in our deceased friend, was stimulated by the necessities by which he was confronted.

Left fatherless, by one of those inscrutable dispensations of Providence, at the early age of eight years, he realized even then that on him would soon devolve the care and support of a loving mother and two younger sisters. In 1858, Mrs. Kenna and her three children removed to the State of Missouri, residing on the farm of Mr. Lewis, a brother of Mrs. Kenna, where they remained until after the breaking out of the late civil war. It was upon this farm, and at the early age of 11 years, that he commenced to contribute to the support of the family.

Frequently have his associates in this Chamber heard him, with almost boyish gayety, tell of his experience in reclaiming from its natural condition one of Missouri's finest plantations, when his uncle held the handle of the plow and he controlled the four yoke of oxen attached to it.

Although at this period of his life he had the advantage of the tutelage of a governess, yet we are told this did not prevent him from becoming an "expert teamster."

He was passionately devoted to his mother, and being an only boy and the eldest child, he soon assumed the position to her of an adviser, counselor, and companion. This responsibility rapidly developed his character, and fitted him at an early age to grapple successfully with the stern duties of practical life.

At the age of sixteen years he enlisted in the Confederate Army, and surrendered with his command at Shreveport, La., in June, 1865.

In youth, as in manhood, one of his most striking characteristics was his firmness and unconquerable determination of purpose, which was illustrated at this period of his life, when, though severely wounded, he refused to retire from active service, choosing to endure the hardships and privations of a disastrous campaign rather than seek the rest and safety of a hospital couch. At the close of the war Mr. KENNA returned to Kanawha County, W. Va., where the rest of his family had preceded him.

At the age of eighteen years he found himself without an occupation and with but a meager education, but these disadvantages did not deter his brave and ambitious spirit from seeking a higher and broader field of human action. In this critical period of his life's history he was assisted by his friends, and especially by Bishop Whelan, and under their advice entered St. Vincent's Academy at Wheeling, where he remained for two and one-half years. Possessed of a quick, bright, and vigorous intellect, he improved every moment of his time by earnest application to his studies, and when he left his *alma mater* he had accomplished in training his intellect and storing his mind with those fundamental principles upon which he was

to build his future reputation as much as any one could have done in that period of time. He then entered the law office of Miller & Quarrier, the members of which firm were distinguished for their learning, ability, and high personal character, for the purpose of reading law.

Recognizing that the law was a jealous mistress, no devotee ever dedicated himself more earnestly and enthusiastically to the divinity of his faith or superstition than did Mr. KENNA to the pursuit and mastery of legal principles.

He was admitted to the bar in June, 1870. Prior to that time there existed what was known as the lawyers' test oath, which, by its operation, prohibited any one who had aided, abetted, or sympathized with the Confederate States from entering into the practice of the profession of law. In a memorable speech made by Mr. KENNA in the Senate on the 16th and 17th days of December, 1890, he refers to this statute, the difficulties imposed upon him by its operation, and the struggles which marked his life at that time, in the following language:

> Mr. President, I should certainly not offer myself in illustration of a great subject like this, but when I had returned, in as good faith as any mortal man ever accepted a situation, to my home, impoverished by circumstances over which I had no control, as were thousands around and about me; when I had devoted almost every hour of the daytime and the nighttime to fit myself as well as I possibly could for the pursuit of the profession which I desired to enter; when I had to build my own fire, boil my own meat, bake my own bread to be able to hold in my hand a certificate that would admit me to the bar, I had to sit in enforced idleness for six long and weary months until the laws which forbade me to earn my bread were wiped from the statute books.

Mr. KENNA acted with his usual discretion and sound judgment in selecting the law as the profession to which to consecrate his splendid abilities. He possessed a mind both analytical and logical. He comprehended the principles which should govern and control his case with a clear, penetrating judgment that appeared to be more the result of intuition than reason; he grasped the prominent facts involved in the record, and with

a felicity of expression seldom excelled by one of his years and experience, he presented his cause to court or jury so compactly, with the lines of distinction so clearly drawn, and the lights and shadows so artistically thrown upon the picture he had conceived, that his client's case had the apparent advantage of its presentation to the final arbiters of his rights, objectively as well as subjectively.

As a lawyer and as an advocate he ranked among the leaders in his profession, and had but few, if any, superiors in our State.

He was always popular with the people among whom he lived, and his ability as a lawyer being promptly recognized, he was, at the age of twenty-four, two years after his admission to the bar, elected to the position of prosecuting attorney of his native county of Kanawha. He entered into the contest for this nomination with the ardor of youth and the strongest ambition to succeed. He appealed to the younger element of his party to support his claims, and during the canvass formed friendships that were never chilled or loosened to the hour of his death.

Tradition tells that it was very important for him to carry one of the districts of his county that had always been controlled by gentlemen who were antagonistic to his nomination. He personally took charge of that section of the county; aroused his friends to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and having triumphantly carried the delegation in his favor, he retired from the convention to the back yard of one of his friends, and with several of his youthful lieutenants, who had stood by him so loyally in the contest, engaged in the amusement of a game of marbles.

Mr. KENNA soon found the prosecuting attorneyship too narrow a field for the exercise of his great abilities and the gratification of that laudable ambition which was a part of his very nature. In 1874 he offered himself as a candidate for Congress

in the Third Congressional district of West Virginia, but failed to receive the nomination by a few votes.

"Failures are with heroic minds the stepping-stones to success." In 1876, at the age of twenty-eight years, undaunted by his previous failure or the fact that he had as his competitors two of the strongest men in his district—the earnest and eloquent Frank Hereford, and the able and brilliant orator, Henry S. Walker—he boldly announced his candidacy, and fixed his appointments with a view of canvassing the district for the nomination. His able and logical discussion of the great questions that were then agitating the public mind, and his eloquent appeals, rallied to his support a majority of his party, and when the convention was held he received the nomination and was elected by an overwhelming majority.

An incident occurred in this campaign which well illustrates his methods as a leader and politician. Mr. KENNA never fought under cover, yet at the same time his movements were always controlled by the most consummate diplomacy. His biographer tells us of this incident in the following language:

> The only objection urged against Mr. KENNA was his lack of years and experience. He had courage, and though young in years he had learned much of the world from association with men. A number of the leading members of his party in his native county issued a circular letter in favor of the nomination of Maj. Hereford. While this did not daunt Mr. KENNA it greatly wounded his pride. He announced a series of public meetings, and addressed the people in behalf of his own candidacy. At one of these meetings in Charleston, at which a number of the signers of the circular letter were present, Mr. KENNA, in the course of his speech, said:
>
> "I have no word of unkindness for those distinguished men [referring to the signers of the circular]. But you will pardon me when I say that if I could exchange places with any one of them; if I could stand a matured, successful, established man, in all that the terms imply, and look upon a boy left in orphanage at eight years; if I could watch the pathway of his childhood, with the obstructions confronting it, and witness his struggles, his hardships, his labors, and his prayers; if I could see him marching on through adversity until kinder stars seem to shine upon him, and he was about to attain through trial and vicissitude a position of honor to himself and of usefulness to his fellow-men—before I would sign a

paper whose only effect would be to break down and ruin that young man, I would be carried to one of your lonely hillsides and there laid to rest forever."

The effect of this speech was seen and felt. A primary election was ordered in Kanawha County and Mr. KENNA carried the county on a full Democratic vote.

Mr. KENNA entered national politics at one of the most important crises of our country's history. The feelings aroused by that great political convulsion which had shaken the foundations of our governmental structure from center to circumference had not yet subsided. Party feeling ran high and found frequent expression on the floor of the House of Representatives. The restless billows that were stirred into activity by the bitterness of party antagonisms would have submerged a less calm, courageous, and self-reliant man; but cool bravery and indomitable pluck in the young Representative soon singled him out from among his fellows as a leader on whose calmness, firmness, and sound judgment his associates could rely with confidence.

Mr. KENNA at last found himself a leader among leaders, and in a field broad enough to gratify the highest aspirations of his ambition. He had a genius for politics and statecraft, and loved the excitement incident to its contests. He did not seek, but when thrust upon him he never sought to avoid its conflicts. Where the battle waged the fiercest, in the front rank, could always be found this calm, intrepid leader. No man's personality on the floor of a convention of his party ever exerted more potent influence over his associates. Once aroused, he was the very embodiment of promptness and action. His was—

> The keen spirit
> That seizes the prompt occasion, makes the thought,
> Starts into instant action, and at once
> Plans and performs, resolves and executes.

At this period of his life he was a thorough student of the great public questions that confronted the representatives of the people. He mastered every subject of legislation that attracted his vigorous intellect, or that could in any way affect the moral or material interests of his constituents. He realized from the first hour of his entrance into public life the great possibilities in the development of the material interests of the Kanawha Valley, could he secure permanent water transportation for its coal and timber products, and the most enduring monument that has been or will ever be built to perpetuate his memory, other than the temple which his noble life and public services have erected in the heart of his people, will be the completion of the slack-water navigation of the Great Kanawha.

Although death has closed his lips in pleading for this great national improvement, he had the satisfaction in life to know that one of the last acts of his official career was to succeed in having the faith of the Government pledged to its final completion within the brief period of a few years.

Mr. KENNA served three terms in the House of Representatives, and was elected to a fourth in November, 1882. The Hon. Henry G. Davis subsequently declining a reëlection to the United States Senate, Mr. KENNA announced himself as a candidate to succeed him, and was elected without difficulty in January, 1883, for the term commencing on the 4th of March of that year.

Mr. KENNA entered the Senate fully equipped and well prepared to discharge the new duties and responsibilities which the confidence of a generous constituency had imposed upon him. His experience of six years in the popular branch of Congress had rendered him familiar with the requirements of his new position, and enabled him to at once take a prominent part in the deliberations of this body.

No higher compliment could have been paid the young Senator than his selection to represent the views of the minority in that memorable legal and intellectual contest, involving the exercise by the President of the right of removal from office of officials confirmed by the Senate, without giving to this body the cause or reasons for his action.

On this occasion he fully measured up to the requirements of the position to which he had been assigned by his associates, and by his great constitutional exposition in vindicating the right of the President to remove from office without assigning the cause, he broadened his reputation both as a lawyer and as a statesman, and commanded the admiration of his distinguished competitor, the venerable Senator from Vermont, whose legal ability, logical power, and biting satire are so well remembered in this Chamber. I do not think I use the language of exaggeration when I claim that the masterly reasoning, the able and forcible presentation of the case, and the overwhelming precedents submitted by Mr. KENNA in that great debate, left upon the unbiased mind of any who listened to it not a shadow of doubt as to the constitutional correctness of the position assumed by the President in that controversy.

Mr. KENNA was reëlected to the Senate in 1889, after an exciting and prolonged contest covering a period of six weeks. Before the opening of the campaign of 1888 he announced himself a candidate for his own succession. No one contested with him for that high honor, and it seemed to be universally conceded throughout the State that the success of the Democracy would be equivalent to his reëlection. After the battle had been fought and the victory won under his leadership, and the legislature had assembled with but one Democratic majority, it was ascertained for the first time that one member of the party would refuse to obey the mandate of the party caucus

and the sentiment of a large majority of his constituents by declining to vote for him. This condition of affairs continued until within a few days of the adjournment of the legislature by operation of law.

Mr. KENNA, in this contest, showed himself possessed of all the qualities of a safe and judicious leader, and again exhibited the rare power which he could exercise over others. He inspired a devotion to his political fortune and ambition among his supporters that made them intolerant even of a suggestion of his withdrawal and placing of any other gentleman in nomination by the caucus. Being present upon the ground, he personally conducted his own contest, strengthening the weak, encouraging the doubting, and restraining the impetuous. His consummate leadership was at no period of his political career more severely tested than at this time. His triumph was due alone to those personal characteristics on which he so successfully relied from the time he entered public life.

Mr. President, the public career of JOHN E. KENNA is a part of the history of his country, and is familiar to all who have taken an interest in the lives of those representative men of our Republic who during the last sixteen years have formulated the policies and guided the destinies of our people. Recognizing his national reputation, the legislature of West Virginia has, with a unanimity that voiced the sentiment of our people, by a formal act, provided that his statue shall be placed in the Statuary Hall of the National Capitol, among those of other typical and illustrious men of the several States.

In all the relations of life, as husband, father, soldier, and statesman, he was ever the genial companion, the confiding friend, with a warm and generous nature, and with a reputation resting upon a character that was absolutely pure and without stain.

The last two years of the life of Mr. KENNA were years of

physical weakness, suffering, and anxiety. But even his disabilities and the advice of friends could not restrain him from participating in the debate resulting from the attempt, in 1890, to pass what is known as the Federal election bill. Well do I remember his appearance, even at that early period of his illness, when he arose to address the Senate. His face was pale, and showed the evidence of intense physical exhaustion, and his quivering limbs told too plainly the story of the ravages which disease had made upon his strength, but his voice was firm and clear, as he entered his earnest, vigorous, and indignant protest against the passage of that measure.

Mr. President, the life of JOHN E. KENNA, from the time when his warm, boyish heart formed its first friendships, until the day when in the very prime and pride of perfect manhood he was called from our midst, speaks with its own touching eloquence of those noble and lovable qualities which endeared him to his friends and made him the idol of his people. His heart beat in sympathy with all his kind, knowing no distinctions of class, creed, or condition in its warm affection. Above life's petty selfishness, it throbbed responsive to the hopes and fears and smiles and tears of all he knew. Obedient to the highest and the holiest impulses of human nature, he felt the kinship of his whole race, and lived a sharer in its sorrows as well as in its joys.

In all the changing scenes of his eventful life, in storm and sunshine, his manly spirit faced with fearless front whatever chanced. He knew no fear in life, and when he faced the last and grandest test to which the soul of man is ever put, and heard Death's footfall nearing fast in plainly marked approach, he met him with the unblanched cheek of perfect fearlessness. The summons came at last to tread the unknown pathways of the "further shore;" obedient to its mandate, no knightlier, braver spirit ever passed into the realms of death.

ADDRESS OF MR. FRYE, OF MAINE.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I have never been in full sympathy, and am not now, with our manner of paying tribute to the memories of associates who have died while in the public service. It seems to me too cold and too formal.

The fact that Senators are selected to deliver addresses weeks and sometimes months before the occasion is an invitation to a careful preparation, which results in elaborate, philosophical, and beautiful essays, but excludes all impetuosity of speech, all words forced from the lips by the beating heart behind. It seems to me that it would be better on the day the death of one of our associates is announced for those Senators who wish to speak what the heart then and there dictates. This would seem like scattering sweet flowers over the grave of a dead comrade, while our custom throws over it a mantle of snow, white, beautiful, and glittering, but icy. If it had been permitted me on the day that Senator KENNA's death was announced to the Senate, when the heart was full of the loss we had sustained, when the memory was crowded with his virtues, when the soul was stirred to its depths by emotion, I could have spoken words much more satisfactory to me than at any other time.

I knew Senator KENNA well, and esteemed him very highly. I served with him in the House of Representatives for four years. In the Senate he was for six years a member of the Committee on Commerce, of which I have the honor to be chairman, and he was my colleague for two or three years on the Committee on Foreign Relations.

I was a member of the House of Representatives when he

took his seat in the Forty-fifth Congress at a called session in the month of October, and a very exciting session, too.

Senators who have served in that House will agree with me, I think, that there is no arena in the whole wide world which so tests a man as that, which is so certain to reveal real manhood, detect all sham, puncture all pretenses, and reward true merit. Indeed, it has sometimes seemed to me that it was almost brutal in the celerity of its verdicts and in the execution of its judgments. Into that arena this young man, the youngest one, I think, there—my impression is less than 30 years of age—came for trial, fresh from a law office in West Virginia, without previous legislative experience.

He was appointed a member of the Committee on Commerce, and I remember very early in that session there was a bill before the House providing for the distribution of its business, which interfered very seriously with the jurisdiction of that committee. It was an exciting occasion. Senator KENNA was utterly unknown. Of a sudden he sprang to the defense of the committee to which he had just been appointed, and I am not saying too much, I am not open to the charge of exaggeration, when I declare that from that moment Senator KENNA'S reputation was established. He made a most powerful appeal in defense of his committee, attracting and holding the attention of the entire House.

I think in the month of January, later on, he had charge of a very important bill—which is unusual for so young a member—a bill extending aid to the Woodruff polar expedition. It was very sharply contested. Senator KENNA managed it with wonderful skill. Evidently he had marked out his parliamentary pathway with great care, and allowed nothing to swerve him from it. He carried it through successfully, and achieved a wonderful victory for so young and inexperienced a man.

Alexander H. Stephens was an exceedingly interested and careful observer of the contest, and he wrote in Senator KENNA'S album a week or two afterwards these lines:

> It was your first bill. It was a measure of great public importance, and the manner in which you so skillfully and successfully conducted it to its final passage deservedly, allow me to say, won for you not only my own, but the admiration of the House.

Such a victory as that and such congratulations as Mr. KENNA received at the time would have turned the head of a weak man; but Mr. KENNA had sound, practical, common sense, without which genius is compelled to record a great many sad failures.

I remember later on in his career he made two or three very noticeable, indeed powerful speeches on financial and economic questions.

He was a hard worker, a man who had the capacity, and not only the capacity but the inclination to work; and we all know that in Congress, as everywhere else, that is worth a great deal more than genius, indeed that it is an absolute essential to success.

Mr. KENNA'S manner of thinking and of talking was logical. He very frequently took part in the five and ten minute debates in the House, the most interesting, the most effective, and yet the most trying discussions which arise in any body in the whole world; and he came to be regarded as an exceedingly effective disputant.

So long as I remained in the House with Mr. KENNA he continued to grow, and when I left that arena it had rendered its verdict as to him, and his reputation was thoroughly and completely established.

In 1883, I think it was, he came to the Senate to succeed Mr. Davis. He brought here with him the laurels he had faithfully and justly won in the House of Representatives. He had been here some little time before he took any part in the de-

bates. I remember perfectly well his first speech. It was on a very important subject, at that time attracting great attention—interstate commerce. He commanded the close attention of this body; and we know from experience that no greater compliment than that can be bestowed on the speaker.

I remember the speech to which his colleague [Mr. FAULKNER] has referred. It was one of the most exhaustive I have ever heard. It involved an enormous amount of research, and I suppose that his Democratic colleagues, at any rate, would pronounce it, on the whole, the ablest speech he ever made in public life.

In the Fiftieth and Fifty-first Congresses he made some very excellent speeches. Indeed, he never made a poor one; he never made one of which even a Senator of his reputation need to have been ashamed.

But a terrible disease had fastened upon him, and the fight between life and death had commenced. I know that Senator KENNA tried—oh, tried so hard—to do his duty, to attend to his committees, take part in their consultations, to be in his seat in the Senate, and participate in the work of legislation. The dying embers would every now and then be fanned into a flame, but the flame only disclosed to him the weakness of his body. He was patient; he suffered; he endured, but he never complained. I think, though, he knew that the result of the contest was to be his death.

Senator KENNA socially was a most delightful man. As a host he was wonderful. He was generous to a fault; he was charitable; he was kindly; he made hosts of friends, who to-day miss him very greatly.

He was a very keen sportsman. He loved the mountains, the forest, and the running streams. Like "Fishing Jimmie"—

He loved to hear the rush of mountain streams, the sound of a going in the tops of the trees, the sweet, pensive strain of white-throat spar-

rows, and the plash of leaping trout; to see the crystal clear waters pouring over granite rocks, the wonderful purple light upon the mountains, the flash and glint of darting fish, the tender green of early summer.

Like him, too, he saw and heard through these sights and these sounds the dear Lord, who loved and made them all.

I think the last speech he ever made in the Senate indicated this recognition. In defending the Lord's day against what he believed to be its desecration, he said:

It has always seemed to me a beautiful reflection that there is a suspension of things that are human and an aspiration to the things that are God's in the very atmosphere of the day that we call Sunday. The principle of its observance is indelibly impressed upon our institutions. The practice of its observance is universally respected.

It seems to us that Senator KENNA'S death was premature; that his life's work was incomplete. I have thought that it so seemed to him, and the eulogy he delivered on a young colleague of his in the House, I think from the State of Louisiana, is significant of this. He then said:

Mr. Speaker, in the cutting off of one in the prime and vigor of early manhood, with a life only half spent, the glory of achievement arising in beauteous visions of a future that is not for him, there is something which makes an impression different from that which comes from the departure of one in the fullness of his years.

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When Death invades the ranks of fresh maturity and snatches the fruit that is ripening there, he seems to come before his time and to gather to-day the harvest of to-morrow. Such a visitation seems a denial rather than the end of life.

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Senator KENNA knows now that it was no denial; Senator KENNA knows now that it was no end; Senator KENNA knows now that it was only an earlier beginning of a life a thousand times more glorious and more beautiful, of a life unshackled and uncrippled by pain, by sickness, by passion, and by temptation.

Mr. President, within my memory death never gathered such a harvest of great men in the same length of time as in the last month of the old year and the first of the new. Five

majors general, all of whom won their rank on the field of battle fighting for their country, one of whom was said to have been the greatest purveyor for armies that the world ever knew, one of whom was even more distinguished in civil life than in military; a former President of the United States; a justice of the supreme judicial court; the "Plumed Knight," that most brilliant statesman of his generation; a minister of Christ known and loved the world over, so broad-minded and liberal that the lips of a Jewish rabbi were unsealed in a great public meeting in the city of New York, and he said:

> America has lost one of her great sons. Bishop Brooks will live on in the memory of the American people as a man strong in body, strong in mind, of an integrity without a flaw, of a love without a bound;

three United States Senators; one the courtly gentleman of the old school, modest, dignified, and faithful, Mr. BARBOUR of Virginia; another a brilliant soldier, an accomplished scholar, and an experienced statesman, Mr. GIBSON of Louisiana, and the other our friend, Mr. KENNA.

Mr. President, where are these great men? Lost? Forever lost? A thousand times, no. Where are they? Destroyed? That black monster, Death, could no more destroy these great souls than he could stretch his icy hand upward and pluck the stars from the skies. They have simply crossed "the covered bridge," and on the other shore shall find delightful employment for all their great powers for good forever and forever.

ADDRESS OF MR. GORMAN, OF MARYLAND.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I wish I had the ability to do justice to the memory of Senator KENNA. The Senate has never offered its testimony of respect and sorrow to a nobler character.

For more than thirty years it has been my good fortune to have known most of the great men who have represented their

States in this august assembly, and I can say with sincerity that in that illustrious array Senator KENNA has had no superior in the admirable combination of his intellectual powers and personal qualities.

I may have been carried by a fervent friendship beyond the limits of exact accuracy in this expression, but I have thought of it well and adhere to it as the statement of my deliberate judgment.

Not to speak of the living, he did not have the overwhelming logical power of Douglass; he had not acquired the rare and vast learning of Sumner; he had not the consuming eloquence of Henry Winter Davis; not the grand rhetorical sweep and range of Conkling; nor the unanswerable array of facts and figures and reasons of Beck; but he did have that exquisite union and harmony of every mental faculty and of all personal endowments that made him in force and influence, in all respects, upon this arena their equal and their peer.

In the House of Representatives, when younger by many years than either, he took his place beside Randall and Cox, and Blaine and Garfield; and in the Senate, when the youngest Senator on the floor, he stood in the front line with Lamar, Pendleton, Gibson, and Plumb.

At his time of life, in a House representing 60,000,000 of people and in a Senate speaking for forty-four States, to have been uniformly a prominent, conspicuous, leading figure, and to have held that position in those bright constellations witnesses a man of remarkable force, of great gifts, and of the rarest qualities.

In the State of West Virginia, as has been so truthfully and beautifully stated by his late colleague and friend, he lived in the hearts of his people.

He was their inspiration, their idol, their hope, standing out like their noblest mountain peak, to whose summit they could

look for the first light of day, and whose steadfast firmness was proof against all change and disaster.

His career was not an accident; it was not the result of circumstance or chance. It had its origin in a strong, noble nature; its source was easily found in a great head and a great heart constantly working together with pure methods for high purposes.

His intellect was comprehensive, active, acute, constructive, original, and contemplative. The thoughts that came from it were broad, liberal, exalted, and of uniform character.

Nothing eccentric, meteoric, explosive emanated from that harmonious laboratory. Nothing was too grand or too vast for the grasp of his intelligence; nothing too minute or too trifling for its attention.

His thought was clear as a ray of light; his reason was strong as steel or adamant. There were no clouds or mists or vapors or shadows hovering over the straight lines by which he marched to his conclusions.

He looked right through a subject, unconfused, undisturbed by any of the fallacies which often distract and disturb the judgment.

His mind descended with the eagle's flight upon its object and seized and mastered it. He saw everything as it was, in its naked reality and its true relations, unclouded by imagination, the fancy, or the passion.

He applied the test of truth to every proposition with almost mathematical directness and precision. With the serenity of a philosopher he examined every question, and with the impartiality of a judge he surveyed every field.

He presented to others the impressions and images of his own brain with the clearness and fidelity of a photograph or a mirror. And all his speeches were but living embodiments of his thoughts, plain and clear as if presented on canvas.

His arguments were constructed doubtless from lessons learned in military life; they were organizations, strong, compact, without unnecessary ornament—of rapid movement, always aggressive and dashing to the assault.

He defended his flanks and rear by the vigor, boldness, and persistence of his charges. No soldier ever used the bayonet more quickly on the field of battle than KENNA resorted to the same weapon in argument.

In debate he was very happy, always able, always well-tempered, always candid, perfectly fearless, and perfectly just.

He employed no artifice, was never sinister, and with wonderful skill baffled his antagonists and held his field against all rivals.

He never inflicted a cowardly or cruel or insidious wound, and left no rankling arrows in the memory of opponents; and he never had reason to blush at the result of any controversy in which he was engaged.

He looked with the sagacity of a prophet through the thoughts and motives of men; but he read them in the light of a brother's charity and a friend's indulgence.

His wit, inherited with his warm Irish blood, was green, fresh, sparkling like a mountain spring; but from that clear, everflowing spring there came no bitter water.

His soul was magnanimity itself. In his generous bosom there was no place for envy, or jealousy, or revenge. No serpent could live in that pure home of the virtues and affections.

He was brave as a hero, but tender as a girl. His sense of right was great and beautiful; he loved justice, truth, and honor. His sympathies were easily and deeply touched by others' sorrows, and he was unselfish to a fault. From the depths of his heart he hated oppression, and his love went out like sweet showers to all his fellow-men.

JOHN E. KENNA was greatly beloved—no man more so. He

was everywhere welcome; at the Executive Mansion, with the Cabinet, with the representatives of foreign peoples, in the Senate, in the House of Representatives, on the streets, on the highways, in the mansions of the great, in the homes of the people, in the hearts of all he was ever welcome. The hearts of men, women, and children all went out to him as blossoms open to the sun—for the sunlight of his nature shone upon all of them. He left behind him sweet memories, gratitudes, and loving friends, but no enemies.

His nature was susceptible of great enjoyment; he loved horses; he was devoted to dogs; he delighted in the chase, and was extremely fond of fishing. He loved all nature—the mountains, the woods, the streams, the green fields, the wild flowers, and the beautiful harvests.

He loved the great ocean, with its bounding and boundless waves; he loved the Potomac, with its blue waters carrying his mind back to his home and childhood, and he loved at night to walk under the calm skies and watch the eternal stars and worship and adore their Creator. But above all the beauties of nature and art, above the ocean, the mountains, and skies, above painting and sculpture and poetry and eloquence, he loved his friends.

His genius was friendship; upon that altar he constantly sacrificed.

His friendships were deep, strong, fervent; they pervaded and made his life; they were his being and existence. His devotion, his dedication, his consecration to his friends was beautiful; it was sacred and holy, like his duty to his country and his love for his home.

Who among us here can ever forget his daily coming into the Senate; his entrance here was like the light of morning. We can now almost see his manly form, his gracious, beaming smile; we can almost feel the warm grasp of his hand and

hear again the sallies of his humor. But what is mortal of him has passed away, and I must not speak of his home life. I must not touch the veil that shelters the sacred scenes of fireside, of affections, of domestic love, of the gentlest, the tenderest, the kindest of husbands and fathers.

When I last saw him he was lying upon the bed from which he never rose. With eyes full of deepest affection and his great heart beating with undying love, he spoke of those whom he was to leave behind him, and of his supreme faith in the mercy of God.

Unlike the eloquent Tribune of France, he did not invoke to that scene the enchantment of flowers and perfumes and music; but all around him were the fragrance of the affections, the sweet incense of piety; and already were coming to his ears the sounds of sorrow from his approving and grateful countrymen.

Address of Mr. Blackburn, of Kentucky.

Mr. President: Most men live too long. This man died too soon. Ere a single power had begun to fail, ere his intellectual resources had been fairly fathomed or his capacities fully tested, in the very flush and vigor of his splendid manhood, he was cut off. He had accomplished much, but his life's work was but fairly begun. In youth he and poverty were not strangers. In his boyhood he was denied even the meager advantages of the rude country school, in the wilds of Missouri.

Before the foundations of an education were laid, answering the bugle call that summoned the youth of the Southland to battle, he entered the Confederate Army as a private soldier when but sixteen years of age. His father had died when he was but an infant. Without relative or friend to advise or

guide him, amid the rude surroundings of the camp, he began to block out his own destiny. Without a single advantage, shadowed by the frowns of fortune, he took counsel of his own high resolve, and staked his future upon the integrity and courage with which the Creator had endowed him. To a nature less strong or a heart less brave success was impossible.

The boy soldier by his bearing, manly beyond his years, became the pet and idol of the camp. Whether tested by the trials of the forced march, when barefoot and hungry, or wasting in the crude hospital from wounds received in battle, without a mother's tenderness to soothe or cheer him, the soul of the beardless boy never quailed nor faltered.

When the war had ended he sought to acquire an education, but only to be told that his offer of what little he possessed was insufficient to procure the boon that he coveted. It was then that a kind-hearted bishop, ignorant of the benefaction that he was conferring upon mankind, opened the doors of the Catholic college at Wheeling to the penniless and friendless youth.

His colleague has traced far better than I could do the rapid strides with which he passed from the college to the front rank of the bar of his State. It is needless in this presence to recount his achievements and his triumphs in this and the other branch of Congress.

For well nigh a score of years he stood the admitted peer of the ablest debaters of either House. As a lawyer I can not recall a man of his age whom I thought his superior. His intellectual methods were prompt, direct, and wondrously incisive. Measured by a fair standard, in every field in which his capabilities were tested, he proved himself an uncommon man. The eulogium that friendship would inspire is not needed in describing him. I would rather speak of him in language so simple as to breathe out the love in which I held him.

We have never known a gentler, nobler, truer man. My

knowledge of and association with him made me think better of mankind. It was in the social circle, by the hearthstone, that we learned to esteem him most and love him best. But a few days since a friend who had known him long and well truly described him as "a child among children, and a man among men." Some weeks ago I received a letter from one who, in years gone by, had served with JOHN KENNA in the other House. His description of the man is so true and his tribute to his character and memory so touchingly told, that I am impelled to read it here, in order to give it to imperishable print:

KANSAS CITY, MO., *January 24, 1893.*

MY DEAR BLACKBURN: Ever since the death of our friend JOHN KENNA my thoughts have hung about him and yourself as if held by some enchantment. You and he were so inseparable, and I enjoyed and loved both with such intense delight that I know not where better to speak my sorrow and praise over his new-made grave than to your willing ears.

There was something so classic and heroic in the very face of JOHN KENNA that he bewitched me on first acquaintance. It was a very pleasure ground to look upon; an open door to a great, big, warm heart, instinct with goodness. One more generous never beat in human breast. A more chivalrous spirit never spurred man on to devotion and duty. A more absolutely unselfish soul I never knew. As innocent of art in his methods as a sweet girl, without chicanery or diplomacy in his exploits, he won popular applause just as he did private confidence, by the very charm of his naturalness and the simplicity of his honesty.

Just as his face always seemed to me an inexhaustible well of friendliness, humor, and thoughtfulness, his mental resources, in no debate he ever held, in no forensic effort he ever made, strong and eloquent as some of them were, so far from showing exhaustion, ever left with me the impression that he possessed depths which no occasion had arisen to fully fathom. Had health been his, to enable him to meet the supreme moment which would have evoked into action, full armed, all the hidden forces of his capabilities, what fame he might have won.

At your age and my age of life we do not make new friends, at least as we did when we walked in our old college lawn, and saw dew on every blade of grass and stars in every dewdrop. When a friend like JOHN KENNA drops from our circle it is as a guiding star fallen from the sky. There is no luminary to take its place. It is a lost pleiad.

I discover myself growing more retrospective, looking constantly backward to the friends of earlier days. You are a "grave Senator" and I am

a "dignified judge," as the world has it; but I doubt not that our hearts, if they could, would this day gladly leap from the toga and the ermine to go back to the days when you, KENNA, and myself first met in Congress. We will never see happier, brighter days, and I am glad we got so much out of them.

* * * * * * *

As ever, your friend,

JNO. F. PHILIPS.

But, Mr. President, the associate whom we knew so well, the comrade whom we cherished, the friend whom we loved so fondly, has finished his task and passed from among us. His life was valuable because of its example. The world is better for his living, and manhood is elevated by the record that he has left for its guidance. Hope springs from the grave in which we bury this love. Listening to the pleadings of the yearning soul we hear the whispered promise of a hereafter. Looking through the light of the love that we bore him, we may penetrate the gloom of the grave and beyond its yawning chasm catch a glimpse of the shadowy shore where the loved and the lost await us. My love for this man teaches me that—

There is no death!
The stars go down to rise upon a brighter shore.

ADDRESS OF MR. CULLOM, OF ILLINOIS.

Mr. PRESIDENT: In sorrowful remembrance of the deceased Senator in honor of whose memory the Senate is now in memorial session, I feel impelled to utter a few words of eulogy of his life and character.

In doing so I shall not attempt to follow JOHN E. KENNA through his youth, full of trials, or through his early manhood, dignified by successful struggle against besetting obstacles of formidable and variable character, for that duty has already been performed adequately and eloquently by the

honorable Senator from West Virginia [Mr. FAULKNER], from colleagueship with whom the deceased has passed from this Chamber, made famous by the genius of many great men, into that other chamber in the somber membership of which are the patriarchs of the infant world, the—

> Kings,
> The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
> Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past.

Mr. President, I have not time in which to characterize the deceased as a lawyer and as a statesman. I have not time to picture him conducting with ability akin to genius causes in the courts, pouring into the mind of the judge from his well-stored reservoirs of learning in the law precedent upon precedent and adapting them all to the facts at bar. Neither have I time to picture him as a member of the House of Representatives or of this body, always alert, ready in debate, strong in argument, earnest, and with such skill in defending his party and its measures as often to make, as it appeared to me from my standpoint, the worse appear the better reason.

I can speak of him now only in general terms briefly.

JOHN E. KENNA entered this Senate at the same time that I did, in 1883. Before his death I had come to know him well, and to respect and admire his qualities both of head and heart, all of which were fully developed, ripe, ready for use in their completeness when the inexorable decree called him hence.

There are public men who attract to themselves by the very effervescence of their youthful experience; their speech is as the popping of corks and the spouting of wine from the bottle, they create excitement and they exhilerate. In their bearing is the breeziness of the mountain air of summer, which is strong but pleasant, and is appreciated mainly because man enjoys it blowing deliciously upon his brow.

These youthful statesmen have the assertion of egotism,

the assurance of confidence, the temerity of inexperience, and armed *cap-à-pie*, they seek adventure in politics—in statesmanship. They are, as Ruskin says of the Knights of Spencer, sometimes deceived and sometimes vanquished, but "the soul of Una is never darkened and the spear of Britomart is never broken." They dare everything, and walk with jaunty step along dangerous paths by any lamp of experience.

In the success of their schemes they anticipate the millennium. They see glorious visions of what is to be. There are other public men who, without being aware of it, wear the lean and slippered pantaloon and in the discharge of public duty walk as with a crutch or cane. They look at all public questions through spectacles and in piping voice are forever saying, "Be in no haste; go on cautiously," or, "Stay; stand still awhile," or, "The proposed way is not the way of the past." JOHN E. KENNA belonged to neither of these classes.

At the time of his death he was at the very summit of life and of his intellectual powers, with a broad field spread out before him over which, if he had lived, he would have passed with vigorous step before going down on the other side. The experience of youth had taught him the unsubstantial character of hope and had impressed upon him the folly of yielding to impulse in the discharge of great duties. He could consider a question without jumping to a conclusion upon it or falling into a nodding slumber over it. In short, mature judgment had given to him ability to act with wisdom and strength of mind, ability to act with vigor, and by reason of his sound mind and sound judgment he became years ago one of the leaders of his party, and what is known as a force in this body.

At the commencement of the civil war associations and the impulses of youth made him battle against the flag, but after the struggle was over and up to the time of his death his heart

was filled with patriotic pride as he looked on the bright sisterhood of States, each, in the language of Rufus Choate, "singing as a seraph in her motion, yet blending in a common beam and swelling a common harmony."

Wise and experienced, Senator KENNA was withal a man of kindly disposition; a man of great, good heart. No mean prejudice ever closed the flood gates of his sympathies, and he had an abounding faith in the people—in the high destiny of the human race. In the beggar in his rags, as well as in the king in his robes, he saw a man, the culmination of the work of the Creator; and although he was in no sense a visionary, he had glimpses occasionally, or thought he had, of the condition sung by Tennyson in "Locksley Hall."

> His hand was open as the day, and his heart was a great temple in which thronged all the kindly emotions.

JOHN E. KENNA was a devoted friend, a patriotic citizen, an able statesman, a noble man. I place a flower of regret and affection upon his grave, and turn away from it with a sad heart.

ADDRESS OF MR. GRAY, OF DELAWARE.

Mr. PRESIDENT: It is so easy to speak of our late colleague in words of loving eulogy and praise that there is need to moderate rather than give full rein to the impulse of affection and admiration.

I came into this body two years after Mr. KENNA, and was at once attracted by his noble presence and winning manner, and our acquaintance soon ripened into a friendship which will always remain one of the cherished memories of my service in this body.

He was a "man among men," made in a large mold; nothing petty or mean found lodgment in his mind. Though he was a man of strong and positive convictions, he delighted to take large and generous views of public questions, and was too broad and catholic in his moral and intellectual nature to be intolerant of honest differences of opinion, or harsh in his judgments of other men.

His talents were of a very high order, and in his participation in the debates of this body he always strengthened the side he espoused.

Gifted with a melodious voice, a fine and discriminating command of language, the earnest and fervid style in which his thought took shape made him an orator whose eloquence always challenged the attention of his fellows and the admiration of his friends. Though so young in years his public service was long and distinguished.

His strong, thoughtful face and fine brow gave him a grave and statesmanlike demeanor that befitted the maturity of his mind and the strength of his character. He was a marked man everywhere. He was a strong partisan in the better sense of that word, and had much to do with the practical organization of the party to which he belonged. Yet in a close personal and political friendship extending over nearly eight years I never heard him make a suggestion as to political action or utter a word as to party policy that was not high and honorable, or that if published from the housetops would not have defied the criticism of the most exacting political moralist.

But it was as a man and a friend that I am sure we will all love to remember him. His cheery smile, his ready sympathy, his unselfish nature endeared him to his friends and made his companionship always delightful. He was true, tender, and brave. Full of that social tact which springs from considera-

tion for the feelings and rights of others, his ready wit never left a rankling wound behind.

He craved the affection that it was his royal nature to bestow, and he received it from his fellows in unstinted measure. Simple in his tastes—as great souls are apt to be—he passionately loved the woods and fields, the azure of the sky, and the south wind's gentle breath, and at nature's altar worshiped nature's God. How deep and true the fountain of his religious feeling was we were told by the reverend bishop of his church in that tender and beautiful address, which still lingers, I am sure, in the memory of us all.

His demonstrative but unaffected devotion to his family may not be dwelt upon now, but it completed the circle of his character and crowned his life, as he would wish it crowned, with love.

The Angel of Death, whose wings have shadowed the capital of the nation this winter, never summoned to its last account a truer, more knightly, or more lovable spirit than that of our late colleague, JOHN E. KENNA.

I loved him while he lived and I sincerely mourn his death.

The hand of the reaper
  Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
  Wails manhood in glory.

The autumn winds rushing
  Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
  When blighting was nearest.

How inscrutable are the ways of Providence.

He fell in the pride and strength of his young manhood. His sun went down while it was yet high noon. To our finite view there seemed much of life yet to be lived by him; much he had done, so much yet to do, so many things that depended

on him, so many for him to live for. For people of his State who delighted to honor him, for the wife and children whom his death has made desolate, may the faith be theirs, that—

> The dark vale once trod,
> Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high
> And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

ADDRESS OF MR. VEST, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The people of Missouri have watched with affectionate pride the public career of Senator KENNA and sincerely mourn at his grave.

When a child of tender years he came with his mother to Missouri, and passed his boyhood upon the farm of his maternal uncle in Carroll County.

I first met him in the fall of 1861, then a boy of sixteen. He joined Gen. Price's army at the battle of Lexington. He served with the Missouri troops in the Trans-Mississippi Department during the war, surrendering with his command at Shreveport, La., in the spring of 1865.

Shortly after the close of hostilities he returned to his native State and entered upon the professional and political life which culminated in his becoming a member of this body.

The intellect of Senator KENNA was quick, analytical, and aggressive. He was a fluent and pleasing speaker; stating his positions clearly and adhering tenaciously to the issues involved.

He possessed unquestionable talent for public affairs, and the future promised for him many honors.

In his social life he had qualities so charming and lovable that I shall always think of him as the genial, kindly companion of many happy hours. His Celtic origin gave him wit

and repartee by heredity, and his frank, manly nature created and retained the warmest friendships.

Natural and simple in all his tastes and habits, he was an ardent sportsman, and loved the mountains and rivers and forests, amidst whose alternating sunshine and shadow he pursued the sylvan sports that delighted his vigorous manhood. Nature was his foster mother, and in the grand, still beauty of her solitudes he saw a mother's face.

He has passed away in the prime of life, with much to make him linger if that were possible—the love of wife and children and friends, the confidence of a great State, and the certainty of a great career.

We drape the bier in black, and yet there is much to make the custom questionable.

Many hundreds of years ago a monarch with almost limitless power and wealth and knowledge, who sounded all the depths and shallows of our life, wrote the plaintive epitaph, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

The centuries have gone by, and man has conquered all but death and the infinite hereafter.

We whisper from continent to continent along the floor of ocean, chain the lightning from heaven, and snatch a sunbeam with which to paint a woman's picture, and yet amidst all this splendor of invention and achievement, what intellectual man has not asked himself in the silent watches of the night, "Does it not require more courage to live than to die?"

Address of Mr. Stewart, of Nevada.

Mr. President: I made the acquaintance of the late Senator Kenna six years ago this month. We soon became friends. Our friendship continued without interruption until his death.

He was kindhearted, generous, genial, honest, and fearless. I was fond of his society. His manly qualities, good sense, and cordial greeting commanded the respect and high regard of all who had the good fortune to know him well.

The political career of Mr. KENNA illustrates the possibilities which this Republic affords to a self-made man. Of humble parentage and limited advantages he rose through his own efforts to eminent distinction as a lawyer, statesman, and scholar. His career in the House of Representatives was so distinguished that his fellow-citizens of West Virginia testified their appreciation of his public services by transferring him to the Senate of the United States. His addresses in this body were characterized by force and thought, and bore evidence of great learning and research. But his peculiar characteristic was his extreme modesty. Amid the plaudits and commendations which followed his public efforts, he exhibited no pride of place, but rather shrank from praise.

He was a true American citizen of the best type. His motives and intentions were always honest and straightforward, and he was inclined to think well of his associates and appreciate their good qualities rather than to criticise their shortcomings.

His kind and generous nature inspired kindness and generosity in others. The pleasure of his society was never marred by the slightest trace of bitterness or unkindness. His death was an irreparable loss to his family and his immediate relatives, and a source of deep sorrow to all who knew him well.

He contributed his full share to make the world better and increase the enjoyment of others, which is the highest praise the living can extend to the dead. He performed every duty faithfully and conscientiously, and deserved and received the respect of associates and friends. His strong common sense and intellectual power gave him a prominence in the Senate of which he seemed entirely unconscious.

The example he has set for the youth of our country who are struggling under adverse circumstances to rise to positions of influence and usefulness is of inestimable value. Words can not mitigate sorrow for the death of such a man, but his good deeds and honorable name are not only a rich inheritance but a consolation to those who were near and dear to him.

Address of Mr. Daniel, of Virginia.

Mr. President: In mourning the death of John E. Kenna, Virginia is again one and undivided, as seamless as the garment of our rewoven Union. While West Virginia sent him to the Senate, no boundary line ever parted his affections from the people of the Commonwealth as it existed when he was born, and they in turn took pride in him and honored and loved him well.

Within the bygone year, when May was quickening leaf and flower, he announced to the Senate the death of my colleague, John S. Barbour, who had sunk to rest in the fullness of years. When the snows of January lay heaped upon his native hills he, our younger brother, was borne from our side to his long sleep amongst them, and it is my part now to speak of him who thus fell in mid career.

I shall not recite the story of his life and fortunes, so graphically has this been done by his colleague and those who have preceded me. But I held his character and services in great esteem; I admired his talents; I was bound to him by ties of friendship, which continuously grew stronger; and such tribute as I can pay him flows from a heart that was in sympathy with his history, and felt joyous pride in his achievements.

Around the equestrian statue of Washington in Richmond is a group of Revolutionary heroes. Amongst them stands the

picturesque figure of Andrew Lewis, the Indian fighter, in hunting shirt and buckskin leggings. From him the hero of Point Pleasant, the conquerer of Comstock, the pioneer who cleared the Virginia and Ohio frontier of its savage foes—from him KENNA was a lineal descendant. Those who love to trace hereditary traits might discover in the character, tastes, and aptitudes of the scion resemblances to the ancestral stock from which it sprang.

As he was the youngest member when he took his seat in the Forty-fifth Congress, in the twenty-ninth year of his age, so was he likewise one of the youngest soldiers who bore arms in the civil war, in whose travail the young State whose Senator he was sprung to being, a trooper in the Confederate cavalry at sixteen, and a scarred veteran years before the estate of manhood.

Possessed of a strong and graceful figure, an open, engaging countenance, an ardent, ambitious heart, and a quick, penetrative intellect that mastered the tasks it undertook, he had that passion for enterprise and adventure which was the quickening pulse of the pioneers. From plow to saber, from saber to school, from school to the law book, his early struggles passed quickly, until at the age of twenty-one he was back in the county of Kanawha, where he was born, a poor and briefless barrister in environments which repelled his hopes and under laws that disfranchised him from the practice of his profession.

The situation would have daunted a less courageous spirit.

All honor to the republican institutions of this country and to the deep-seated republican spirit of the people which so quickly swept away the barriers to his professional and political triumphs. All honor to our free constitutions, for under them and the electoral machinery they put in motion no military despotism or political tyranny can long endure, no class can be long suppressed or oppressed, no exclusive privileges can be long monoplized.

That JOHN E. KENNA so soon rose to eminence in a State created in protest against the ideas which he fought for, and should be supported by those who had contended against him, is a typical representative fact on a glorious history which attests the wisdom of our free Government. It should endear us to the Republic and to the people who have so triumphed over sordid things as to give cheer and comfort to lovers of liberty all over the world.

He desired that his life should illustrate so notably the principles it stood for. He was a born Democrat in the most elevated sense of the word. He was a man of the people; sprung from them, uplifted by them, loving them, and beloved by them, and in all things true to them. The influences of power never cowed his spirit or diverted his course.

The generous and independent instincts of his heart as well as the clear vision of his mind wedded him to the Democratic teachings of popular sovereignty, yet who can doubt that his devotion to them was intensified by his own experiences of their efficacy to heal wounds, soothe passions, restore order, establish justice, and recreate progress out of the ruins of destructive and demoralizing war.

The dangers of this Republic are not overpassed. They will thicken as wealth and population increase, as corporations multiply, as central powers are magnified by the exactions of growth, and as the strain on them is enhanced by the immense interests that come within their administrative jurisdiction. We shall need again, we need now, we shall evermore need incorruptible and courageous men like KENNA to fight the battles of popular prerogative against all these influences, subtle and fascinating as they are, which gradually lead the Republic to ape the splendors of imperialism and through its very glories to undermine its simple faiths and turn away its blessed aims.

It is to be hoped that he is the type of many of his kind,

and we bid those who look high to take courage in the record of this noble man—

> Whose life in low estate began,
> Who grasped the skirts of happy chance,
> Breasted the blows of circumstance
> And made by force his merit known,
> And lived to clutch the golden keys,
> To mold a mighty State's decrees,
> And shape the whisper of the throne.

The personal qualities of our deceased friend have now become cherished reminiscences. He possessed a genius fertile and diversified which might have developed into many forms of distinction. Had he eschewed politics for zealous devotion to his profession, his keen perception of facts, his powers of expression, his just spirit might have made him a great barrister or an illustrious judge.

He had what lawyers term a legal mind, keenly analytical, closely logical, penetrating through rules to the reasons of them; interpreting its conceptions with lucid statements that linked themselves into arguments. Whether in set speech or running debate his powers lifted him to the height of all occasions. He was an organizer, measuring opposite forces and training those he led against them.

In delicate and difficult situations he was no rash actor. Natural impetuosity was curbed by will and saving common sense, and he became the wise adviser. Many there are who equaled or surpassed him in some one of many things, but few who could do so many things so well, and rarer still are they who accomplished so much under such conditions as he dealt with. His ability was constructive whether he worked with hand or brain.

With natural mechanical skill he built with his own hand the boats in which he floated in hunting and fishing excursions on the Potomac or the waters of his native State. He was the

architect of the attractive house in which he resided here, and in its ornamentation may be seen alike his design and his handiwork.

The simple but tasteful Catholic church from which he was buried was built on plans of which he was the draftsman.

He loved nature. The gun and the rod were his constant companions. He was at home with the fisherman and duck-shooters of the seaboard, and with the deer-slayers of the mountains. He was an amateur photographer seeking to fasten the beautiful and grand features of nature, or to catch the fleeting scenes of the wilderness or the domestic hearth that crossed his fancy. There is no more lifelike or attractive relic of the departed statesman, James B. Beck, than the picture of him taken by KENNA, as he sat with his dog under a spreading oak. He was full of good fellowship, a genial companion, a social favorite; and he had friends because he was a friend.

He was a man of a great, loyal, loving heart, and it was through this fact, as well as by dint of his decisive character and mental force, that he was the successful advocate of measures and a leader of men.

In political life he found a fitting theater for his abilities. On the hustings he was eloquent, persuasive, powerful, effective. In party councils he was a guiding spirit. In the Senate he took high rank with thinkers and debaters, and had he lived in health and strength his popularity and his accomplishments would have magnified his career into one of still more brilliant honor to himself and of vast beneficence to the State and nation which he served.

His home was his shrine. It was there that his gentle nature found and shed earth's richest joys amongst wife, children, and friends. I will not turn aside the screen that hides from the world's vision those to whom his death is calamity unspeak-

able. In his good name and memory they have all that death can leave to alleviate its pang, save the supreme consolation which is theirs, that he looked devoutly and trustingly to the source of life and light.

He did not say prayers on street corners to be seen of men; but he said them and he felt them, and his heart went forth to "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are above reproach." On one of the bleakest days of this bleak winter the committee of the Senate and House of Representatives bore his body hence to its final earthly home in the county where he was born, in the capital of his State. The State received her dead son with every mark of respect and sorrow.

The governor, ex-governor, and governor-elect, judges, legislators, officials, and the people en masse from far and near poured forth to his funeral rites. In the church which he had planned and to whose membership he belonged, the good priest commended his soul to his Maker, and then in the cemetery on one of the mountain knobs that overtower the town, in the primeval forest he was consigned to dust.

Far and wide was winter's waste of snow. Not a bird flew across the mountain pathway to the tomb. The dumb creatures of the woods had taken shelter from the storm. All nature seemed benumbed with cold. Over street and lane and housetop, over field and hill and valley, over the motionless river at the foot of the hills lay the universal shroud. The boats frozen in the rigid stream lifted their white masts, and the naked trees stretched their gaunt, white arms against the sky, while range on range, peak piled on peak rose the gleaming mountains "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful."

Sensibility was anguish, vision was desolation, the heart had no interpreter but a freezing tear, the ear no prophet but a moan. As the coffin lowered the snowflakes thickened on

its black pall, and as the mound was shaped upon the grave it whitened as it grew. Never to me seemed earth so cheerless, its distinctions so small, life so frail, ambition so empty, humanity so mortal.

Yet the very grandeur of the scene filled the soul with exultation. Through its somber, weird magnificence shone the majesty of Him who knows the sparrow's fall, and the sublime assurance, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," seemed to issue from His throne.

Address of Mr. Hawley, of Connecticut.

Mr. President: I gladly consent to pay my tribute to the memory of Senator Kenna.

We first met as members of the House in the Forty-sixth Congress, nearly fourteen years ago, and there his frank, manly, generous character won him love and respect on all sides, overriding the widest differences of war and peace.

I never heard from him a malicious word nor saw on his countenance an angry look, and from the first I have reckoned myself among his warm friends.

He was a well-balanced man in his vigorous physique and intellectual force, his strong and well-governed temper, and his honorable ambition.

His life was a noble example of the possibilities of a republic.

He was without fault in his domestic life and faithful to all his moral convictions, as a citizen, a patriot, and a legislator. With an unfaltering trust in his religious belief he has gone out "to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart."

Address of Mr. Camden, of West Virginia.

Mr. President: It was my privilege to know Senator Kenna intimately from his early manhood to the time of his death, and standing here to-day as his successor upon this floor I am profoundly impressed with the irreparable loss sustained not only by our State but by this body in his early death.

A great English statesman, addressing the House of Commons upon the death of a distinguished colleague, said:

> There is this consolation remaining to us when we remember our unequaled and irreparable losses, that those great men are not altogether lost to us; that their words will often be quoted in this House; that their expressions will form part of our discussions and debates. There are now, I may say, some members of Parliament who, though they may not be present, are still members of this House, who are independent of dissolution and even of the course of time.

And, Mr. President, it may be appropriately said of John E. Kenna that seldom has the United States Senate paused to pay tribute to the memory of one of its members who has left behind so many friendships and tender memories. It is not so much that he had talents to command our attention and richness of language and charms of oratory that excited our admiration as it was his genial, frank nature, his attractive companionship, and generous, manly qualities that so endeared him to us all that, though he be not present, he will long remain associated in our memories as a member of this body.

Senator Kenna was the type of man to command the admiration and win the love not only of the people of his State, but all who knew him. He had few of the arts of the politician about him, and none of the weaknesses or diseases of little great men. He was a typical West Virginian, sprung

from her soil, and a true type of her best manhood. He loved every inch of her domain, and gave to her the best energies of his life.

Her mountains and her streams were to him not only the scenes of his prowess with gun and rod, but embraced the homes of the people who had contributed to his early successes, his pastimes, and his pleasures; and among the reminiscences which circle around the fireside of more than one mountain home in his old district are the recollections that JOHN E. KENNA had shared their hospitality, and added to their pleasures by his genial companionship and the sunshine of his presence.

These people, Mr. President, mourn not so much for JOHN E. KENNA the Senator, as for JOHN E. KENNA their associate and friend. The official designation which he carried among men was lost in the relationship which he bore to them. His frank and natural bearing and his freedom from pretension and egotism was the open road to their respect and affection.

Mr. President, we find in the Congressional Directory a brief sketch of Mr. KENNA, modestly made by himself, which forcibly illustrates his character and career in a few words. At sixteen years of age he entered the Confederate army as a private soldier, was wounded in that service in 1864, and was surrendered at Shreveport, La., in 1865. How pathetic is this brief story. A boy of sixteen, wounded in battle, carrying the musket of a private soldier, and a prisoner of war at the age of seventeen.

At twenty-two he was admitted to the bar; at twenty-four he was prosecuting attorney of the great county of Kanawha; at twenty-seven he was elected by the bar, under statutory provisions, a judge; at twenty-nine he was a Representative in Congress; at thirty-five he was a Senator.

Such is the brief, outlined history of the boy and the man who was justly the pride of his native State.

Born in the State which accorded to him her highest honors, on the 10th day of April, 1848, we find that up to the still watches of the early morn when loving hands soothed the anguish of his dying hour, the story of his life is measured by less than forty-five summers. But within the cycle of those years JOHN E. KENNA had served as soldier, lawyer, judge, and for sixteen years as a member of both branches of Congress; and at his death, after a service of ten years in this body, was still, in age, one of its youngest members.

He was descended from a strong race of people. His father, Edward Kenna, was an Irishman by birth, of commanding presence, who emigrated to this country at an early age. His mother was the daughter of John Lewis, whose family was distinguished in the pioneer history of the settlement of Virginia west of the Alleghany Mountains, made memorable by the battle of Point Pleasant. His father died early in life, leaving young KENNA an orphan, at the age of eight years, to struggle for a place in the fortunes of life almost unaided.

Through the kindness of friends and the partiality and benevolence of the late Bishop Whelan he entered St. Vincent's College, at Wheeling, after his release as a prisoner of war in the Confederate service, where he remained long enough to obtain a liberal education, and was afterwards admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-two years.

Mr. President, I said in the beginning that I had known Senator KENNA intimately from his earliest manhood, and I recall with pleasurable emotions many events in his career as we passed together along life's pathway.

Soon after his admission to the bar, in the year 1872, I was the candidate of my party, holding its regular nomination for the office of governor, and in canvassing his section of the State (the old Third Congressional district of West Virginia) I met JOHN E. KENNA, in the early morning of his splendid

young manhood. I was at once attracted and impressed by his handsome and commanding appearance, his warm, hearty cordiality, and his impetuous and generous nature.

He was then in his first canvass before the people for the office of prosecuting attorney of Kanawha County, and although the day of election was near at hand, and his own chances of election by no means secure, he insisted upon abandoning his own canvass and accompanying me through the mountain counties of his district, against the protest of some of his friends.

I recall, as though it were yesterday, many of his speeches on that occasion. Youthful in appearance, earnest, logical, and captivating, he made friends and won the hearts of his audiences. On one occasion, standing upon the ground beneath the shade of a wide-spreading tree, he so attracted and impressed his audience with his youthful eloquence and fervor, and such was his magnetism, that an old mountain friend approached him gradually closer and closer until he stood by his side and rested his hand upon his shoulder, and as the young orator made his telling points his old friend responded by approving gesticulations even more earnestly and vigorously than the gestures of the speaker himself.

I refer to such incidents, Mr. President, not only because it serves to illustrate the generous, unselfish nature of the friend to whose memory we pay this sad tribute to-day, but because memory delights to wander back and associate itself with the incidents of the every-day life of friends as we knew them best and loved them most.

His election as prosecuting attorney followed, and was his first popular triumph. His touch with the people soon developed into a popularity which challenged his ambition to serve his people in Congress, and we find him within two years after his election as prosecuting attorney entering the list as a candidate for the nomination for Congress, in his dis-

trict, and although defeated by a few votes for the nomination, he accepted the disappointment as he always accepted the result of his party's action, but with the determination to be a candidate again at the next election two years thereafter.

And in the year 1876 he again became a candidate for his party's nomination against two very strong men as his competitors, the Hon. Frank Hereford and Henry S. Walker. Mr. Walker was an orator of rare ability, who, although a comparatively young man, already possessed a reputation throughout the State as one of her most gifted sons and fascinating public speakers.

Mr. Hereford had served the district in Congress for three terms, and by efficient public service succeeded to the chairmanship of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors, at that time the most active agency toward the improvement of the Great Kanawha River through governmental aid, the then absorbing question of interest to the people of that section of the State, and whose reëlection was strongly urged by many of the most influential citizens of the district.

But Mr. KENNA found his way to the hearts and confidence of the people, and the Congressional convention of the old Third district, which met in August, 1876, in the city of Charleston, is memorable for its long and stubbornly fought contest, the balloting continuing for three days, and at midnight of the third day young KENNA'S candidacy was crowned with success and he was borne in triumph on the shoulders of his loyal friends, who had stood by his banner throughout the varying vicissitudes of the contest.

It is fitting to call to mind here, Mr. President, that all three of the competitors in that noted struggle of a few years ago have passed over to the great majority on the other shore—Hereford, in the ripeness of years and honors, after having served as a member of this body, as well as in the

House of Representatives; the brilliant Walker, in the noontime of life—and to-day we mourn KENNA.

Mr. KENNA took his seat in the other end of the Capitol, in the special session of the Forty-fifth Congress, on the 15th day of October, 1877.

His abilities were recognized at the very threshold of his Congressional life. He was at once assigned to the Committee on Commerce, where he rendered signal service to the people of his district in carrying forward the improvement of the Great Kanawha and its tributary streams, in which his constituents were deeply interested.

Samuel J. Randall, the great Democratic leader, while Speaker of the Forty-sixth Congress, in speaking of Mr. KENNA in a letter to friend, said:

> I knew the moment I first saw him that Mr. KENNA was a strong man. He impressed me by his honesty of purpose, the clearness and directness of his views, his knowledge of parliamentary law, and his courage and readiness in debate. I predict for him a brilliant career.

Such was the estimate placed upon Mr. KENNA by the man who has been described by a political opponent as "the strongest force of half a century." And, Mr. President, the prediction of the then Speaker of the House was more than verified by the future.

Mr. KENNA'S election to the Senate was the natural and merited reward, earned by his service in the House. He was elected for the term commencing on the 4th of March, 1883, soon after reëlection to his fourth term in the House of Representatives.

He was elected to succeed Hon. Henry G. Davis, who declined to be a candidate for reëlection. I had the pleasure, as his friend, of welcoming him to his seat in this body as my colleague, serving with him four years, receiving from him the same courtesy and friendship that I had received from him throughout life to its close. He was again elected his own suc-

cessor in January, 1889, for the term which, through the will of an all-wise and inscrutable Providence, he left vacant before its expiration.

Dying almost under the shadow of this Capitol, he was laid to rest on the 14th day of January last, with the rites of that ancient faith whose teachings he followed through life, and with the best honors which his State and country could bestow. He sleeps in the earth of his native State, on the sunny slope of one of her hills overlooking the valley of the beautiful Kanawha.

The West Virginia legislature, which was at the time in session, promptly availed itself of the provisions of the Federal statute authorizing each State to contribute to the Memorial Hall of the National Capitol the statues of two of her departed citizens, who have been conspicuous in her history, by passing a bill making an appropriation for that purpose. So that JOHN E. KENNA, the first to receive such honor from his State, will live in marble in the Nation's Capitol as well as in the hearts of the people of his State; and the devoted friend whose earnest energy aided in bringing about so promptly this well-merited tribute illustrates life's friendships, that do not end with the grave.

Mr. President, almost the first words spoken by Mr. KENNA in the House of Representatives, and his last words in this body, were delivered on such occasions as this. Eloquent, tender, and touching words they were. The first was a tribute to Judge Leonard, a Representative from the State of Louisiana, who, like himself, was richly endowed with noble qualities, and who, like himself, died before he had reached the noonday of his life. His last public utterance in this body was an announcement of Senator BARBOUR'S death.

The impressive language of Senator KENNA in honor of his friend, Judge Leonard, spoken in the House fourteen years

ago, and referred to by the Senator from Maine, is to-day almost as applicable to his own memory as they were then to Judge Leonard; and I can not close my tribute to the memory of our departed friend more appropriately than by quoting his own words on that occasion. He said:

> Mr. Speaker, in the cutting off of one in the prime and vigor of early manhood, with a life only half spent, the glory of achievements rising in beauteous visions of a future that is not for him, there is something which makes an impression different from that which comes from the departure of one in the fullness of his years. I do not mean that the power of choice would enable us to determine that age and experience could be better surrendered than youth and promise.
>
> The need of such a decision has been wisely spared by an all-seeing, beneficent Providence. Nor would I be understood to intimate a want of consideration for those who have realized the full measure of three score and ten. There is an attraction about the silvery frost of seventy winters which the yellow sands of thirty summers can not possess.
>
> There is something akin to another world in a head that is already shrouded in white, and hence the mystic veneration for gray hairs, which has become prominent among the acknowledged virtues of mankind. But when death invades the ranks of fresh maturity and snatches the fruit that is ripening there it seems to come before its time, and to gather to-day the harvests of to-morrow. Such a visitation seems a denial, rather than an end of life.

Mr. President, I ask for the adoption of the resolutions.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. CULLOM in the chair). The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and the Senate (at 6 o'clock and 25 minutes p. m.) adjourned until to-morrow, Tuesday, February 28, 1893, at 11 o'clock a. m.

EULOGIES IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

THURSDAY, *March 2, 1893.*

Mr. ALDERSON. I offer the resolution which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JOHN E. KENNA, late a Senator from the State of West Virginia, and a former member of this House.

That the business of this House be suspended, that appropriate honors may be paid to the memory of the deceased.

That the Clerk of the House of Representatives be directed to transmit to the family of the deceased a copy of these resolutions.

ADDRESS OF MR. ALDERSON, OF WEST VIRGINIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Death in his stern impartiality has in the last few months reaped a rich harvest from the ranks of the leaders and statesmen of the Republic, and there is mourning in the castles as in the hovels; there is sorrow among the rich and powerful, as among the poor and lowly.

In the list of prominent men of the nation but recently claimed by the grim and merciless destroyer is numbered West Virginia's most illustrious and best beloved son.

Those of us who knew him best and loved him most, sorrow for him with a distress too deep for expression by human tongue, and we will keep green the fond memories we have of him and of his kindly acts and good works.

coming from the Congressional district which he in former years so ably represented, from the section of the State in which he resided, his everyday companion, I believe I knew him as he was known by but few men. The admiration his associates had for him was measured by their closeness to him. So I may say in all truth, my heart gave that loyal and true devotion to him which is accorded to no other human being except such as were bound to me by those dear and most sacred ties.

In politics he was my chief, my leader all my life. In the social relations he was my prince among men; the one man whom I idolized, and I whom I believed to be superior to all others. He honored me by giving to me his friendship; and I trust that I will be excused on this occasion if my wounded feelings should through my lips speak what may seem to be extravagant words in respect to my dead friend to whose memory we to-day pay tribute. It can be productive of no good to dwell at length upon his character and deeds, and I shall be brief in what I may have to say.

Other friends have already referred eloquently to his trials, struggles, successes, and triumphs in public life; and I will, in my humble way, speak more of him as I knew him and loved him in private life and in his individual character.

His place in public position may perchance be filled, but in our hearts his loss will never be supplied.

He was a wonderful man; his life was a remarkable life; and his death was the fitting conclusion of the probation on earth of a being well favored by the Creator; the return of a blessed spirit to the God who gave it, after serving out on earth the short period allotted to human life.

Young as measured by his years, yet old in experience and public service, he was stricken down in the prime of his manhood and usefulness as the sturdy oak is felled by the power of the mighty tempest. Head and shoulders above his fellows, his very prominence seemingly made of him a shin-

ing mark, and by the inscrutable will of the everlasting God, whose wisdom and justice was never questioned by him, he was called away from a life so full of promise to himself and overflowing with fond hopes for those who were nearest and dearest to him and loved him with purest devotion.

The people of the State to whose best interests he was wedded and so devoted and served so faithfully, are proud of his record as a statesman and of his successes as lawyer and advocate; but his friends dwell longest and with most pleasure upon the recollections which they have of him in his private life, and as an associate and companion. In closer sympathy and touch with our people; understanding them better and being by them better understood and more trusted than any other of our public men, his death has brought sorrow to the whole State.

Up and down our valleys, watered by our beautiful rivers, from mountain top to mountain top, which he in life loved so well, the sad tidings of his death have gone forth, and our entire people are in mourning—mourning for our brightest jewel—mourning universally. The heart of the honest mountaineer wells up in his bosom and tears come to his eyes unbidden when he remembers the last warm grasp of the hand of the man who was the idol of our plain people; and the rich meet their neighbors less favored with earthly possessions upon common ground in the general sorrow, and they together blend their tears over the grave of one of the most gifted men our State has ever produced.

I have seen him in his early manhood, standing over the grave of one who in life was very dear to him; I have seen him upon the hustings, speaking words of burning eloquence to an admiring populace; I have seen him in the humble home of the West Virginia mountaineer, with appreciative heart and unaffected simplicity, enjoying the welcome hospitality so gen-

erously extended; I have seen him, dignified and with easy grace, in the habitations of the rich, in the midst of pomp and luxury, the fruits of unstinted wealth; I have seen him by the camp fire, surrounded by the men of our mountains, his companions in the chase; I have seen him in the court room, pleading for the life of a client; I have seen him in politics, the intended victim of treachery and misplaced confidence; I have seen him in the flush of victory, the center of enthusiastic friends; I have seen him among his colleagues here, brilliant and interesting; I have seen him in conference with his friends, when his and their interests were at stake; I have seen him upon the floor of the Senate delivering masterly addresses; I have seen him in enforced retirement, battling with disease; I have seen him by the side of his own hearthstone, surrounded by his family; I have seen him on his deathbed, his life ebbing out; I have seen him amid all vicissitudes which can come to man, and I have always seen about him that God-given and strange influence, felt and not capable of description—that something strong, great, kind, and gentle which made friends of enemies, and led captive the hearts of his fellows with whom he came in contact.

We had no other man among us who was like him, and there was no other man among us so much admired and respected.

But few men have been endowed by the Creator with so lovable a disposition and character; but few men have had combined in them so many elements which draw to them and bind with strongest ties of devotion their fellows; but few men have been able to secure and hold so many true hearts and sincere friendships. Truly to know him was to love him.

He was indeed a typical West Virginian. His character was as lofty as the mountains of his native State; his intellect was as bright as the sunshine which illumines our mountain peaks; his will was as strong as the torrents which rush from

their founts among our hills on their way to the sea; his mind was as pure as the limpid waters of our great rivers; his heart was as gentle as the soft summer breezes which stir the foliage in the trees; his ideas were not circumscribed by the boundaries of our vast domain, but even reached out and passed beyond the confines of the Republic, encompassing in their magnitude every land where man has taken up his abode, and centered and concentrated in the great and noble purpose to do good to all those created in the image of the Architect of the universe—his fellow-beings.

His mission in life was to do good. His acts of kindness and deeds of charity if known would fill a volume. He had the happy faculty of accommodating himself always to the surroundings and surrounding circumstances. Verily, as has been said of him most truly, "he was a man among men, and a child among children."

His character strengthened the regard entertained for him and disarmed resentments. A distinguished West Virginian, in speaking of him quite recently, very aptly and eloquently said:

> So kindly and so gracious were the influences of his nature that he who passed within the radius of his influence found hostility disarmed, and quickly became his friend.

He was a born leader of men. To be his friend once was to be his friend always. And there was no sinister motive behind the love his friends entertained for him. The friendships formed for him were pure and unmercenary. He was a poor man, and was admired for himself, for his noble manhood and stern devotion to principle. He regarded his friends for what they were themselves, and not for their position or worldly gear, and they in return measured him by the same rule and found him not wanting.

Simple in his habits and tastes, his life, public and private, was a continued protest against the fast growing love and de

moralizing greed for wealth, and his lofty ambition and proud record were untarnished by the breath of suspicion.

A truer and more earnest and sincere man never lived. He was a politician, yet a statesman of the highest order, and his word given in politics, as in other affairs, was his bond, never to be violated or broken. He scorned a mean act and detested hypocrisy, insincerity, and duplicity.

Kind-hearted, generous almost to a fault, charitable, firm and unyielding in the right, yet always open to conviction, he was the same man at all times, amid all surroundings, and under all circumstances. Whether as an orphan boy and a day laborer, toiling to support his widowed mother and his sisters; as a youthful soldier half starved and poorly clad, fighting for the right, as he saw it; as a young lawyer striving for success; as a Representative of the people, hewing out his way to prominence; as a Senator of the United States, dealing herculean blows in behalf of lighter burdens for the people, and free and untrammeled franchise, he has been found always true, honest, sincere, kind, manly, and courageous.

With an unsullied reputation he defied the leprosy of corrupting influence. In a position which brought power and begets wealth for many in like station, he died as he had lived, clean-handed, without spot or blemish. In every station in life

> He walked attended by a strong-aiding champion—conscience.

In the man, his life, and untimely death we have before us subjects for reflection—an example to emulate, a sorrow never to be forgotten, and a hope fondly to be cherished.

And JOHN EDWARD KENNA was a Christian; a devout and earnest believer in the gospel of salvation. Without ostentation or show, with the courage of his convictions in religion as in everything else, he carried into his everyday life that ennobling and refining influence born of faith in the immortality of

the soul, and of hope and trust in the existence beyond the grave. During the months of sickness preceding his death he manfully fought disease with that courage which characterized his every act in life, and was ever patient when undergoing pain and suffering, and resigned at all times to the will of the Great Master.

When the end came he was not unprepared. He met the final summons unflinchingly, and without fear began the journey to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns." His departure from earth was peaceful, and when his soul passed into the shadows of the great beyond, the dear ones about him realized that he was not dead, but had entered upon the new life eternal in the heavens.

Then, as he had wished it, with sad hearts and loving hands, we carried back the earthly tenement to the land of his birth, and on the mountain overlooking the great river he had labored so arduously and successfully to improve, and the home in which he had passed so many happy hours, we gave back to earth the receptacle of the spirit of the friend we had loved so well; and around his grave new resolves were made to be worthy in future of the friendship the great heart now motionless had accorded in the past, and determinations were formed so to live as to deserve to meet him and to dwell with him in the blessed life everlasting.

Address of Mr. Bingham, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Speaker: John Edward Kenna, of West Virginia, entered a Representative of the Forty-fifth Congress as one of the youngest members in years. He rapidly rose to distinguished standing and recognized usefulness. In becoming a member of the Forty-sixth Congress I found him regarded as

a Representative of force, character, ability, and integrity, as well as a man fearless, aggressive, and able in debate.

He had in two short years made a record distinctive and well defined, his individuality recognized, his personality pronounced. A useful career opened, and rich, fruitful results followed. As he saw his duty he did it, and he did it well, fully, and conscientiously. Our friendship then formed grew; grew firm, strong, and closer with each successive year.

In his early death our common country lost a most conspicuous figure in public legislative life. I lost a loved, dear, cherished, and personal friend.

Senator KENNA'S young life was lustrous with marked achievements, and his career masterful. His good record is perpetuated in the annals of our Government.

He was one of the most lovely and lovable of men in his social life. Truly can it be said of him, "Whom the gods love die young." He had a grace, gentleness, devotion, and tenderness that drew his friends to him with hooks of steel. He was true, sincere, and devoted. He loved his dog and gun, and the sports and pastimes of the field and stream were his health, his joy, and the greatest sources of renewed strength and life.

He was ever a companion, but always a man. Every trust and confidence reposed in him was sacred. He delighted in debate—the mental conflict—"he sniffed the battle from afar." He was ambitious, heroic, aggressive. He never was an inert observer. His legal equipment was complete—learned in the intricacies of the law and parliamentary procedure, he maintained through a long yet for his years a brief career the high standing and well-deserved distinction he so ably won in his first Congressional term.

His arguments were always scholarly, clear, concise, convincing, and conclusive, full of information, illustrated by his study, his teachings, and his experiences. His rich mental

gifts were nature's profuse and generous offerings, but he builded a great and safe superstructure by a life of study and tireless toil.

He waited while he labored. He had keen sympathies, wide vision, positive energy. Few men of his years have filled so distinguished a place in either the House or the Senate. He was a true friend.

Unequaled as a representative for his State, a Senator strong and wise for the nation's future, one whom, had the allotted three score years and ten been given, would have been classed among the ablest of our statesmen and leaders. He was called before the measure of his life work had been completed. His coming to us and his going from us so young is a part of the great mystery. We know he did much, and what he did was well done. That is all we know. The whence and the whither is not for us to solve. Tears to his memory. His work will live. The people of his own State will do him honor and justice.

He is gone. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Nothing can he leave of the force that made his own being here. God accept him; Christ receive him.

ADDRESS OF MR. HOOKER, OF MISSISSIPPI.

Mr. SPEAKER: When I was approached the other day by my friend and colleague from West Virginia [Mr. ALDERSON] with the request that I would say something on this occasion, when we meet to pay our last respects to our dead friend, the distinguished Senator from West Virginia, I said to him that I would and that it would give me pleasure to add a few words to those which may be spoken here to-night by those who come from his own immediate vicinity and who know his public and private life probably better than I do.

I was a member of the Congress to which Mr. KENNA was first elected, and I remember well the impression which he made upon that Congress when he first became a member of this House.

He had a very marked character, and in the course of the six years during which he served in the House of Representatives he carved out for himself a position second to that held by no man in either of the Congresses in which he served.

He was a descendant of that distinguished race of people of whom it has been said they have successfully fought the battles of all countries save their own; from that great race of people who have furnished to the British Empire her greatest premiers and her greatest soldiers. He came of Irish descent.

His father, Edward Kenna, came to this country in very early life, when he was only a lad of a boy, and did his first service here in my own State of Mississippi, where he lived in the household and worked in the factory of the La Costas on the banks of the Mississippi River at Natchez. He was there when the great tornado of 1840 swept over that beautiful city, and was fortunate enough to be one of the survivors of that memorable catastrophe.

From that place he went to the city of Cincinnati, and there falling in company with one of her distinguished and liberal-minded lawyers, though Mr. Kenna was poor and had no resources, that lawyer, Mr. Fox, gave him the use of his library and advised him to pursue the practice of the law.

He entered upon that practice, and shortly afterward, in the county of Kanawha, in the State of Virginia, married Miss Lewis, who was a lineal descendant of the celebrated Gen. Lewis, of western Virginia, so well known to the history of that State.

From this marriage sprung the friend to whom we come to pay these honors to-night. His father died at an early age,

leaving the mother and the young orphan son, the eldest of three children, and two daughters.

Before the war they moved to the State of Missouri, where relatives of Mrs. Kenna lived, and our friend was there when the war between the States began. He volunteered in one of the cavalry regiments of Missouri, famous under the leadership of the gallant Sterling Price and Gen. Bowen, whose remains now lie buried in my own county in Mississippi, and the brave and distinguished Cockrill, all leading the Missouri forces.

This boy, only sixteen years of age, volunteered in the Confederate cause.

He was received by his comrades in the camp with the tender care which his age naturally suggested. Severely wounded in one of the conflicts between the scouting parties of the opposing forces, his friends insisted that he should be left in the rear, but he said no, and renewing the bandages upon his wounds when he would stop at night, he refused to be considered a disabled soldier and remained in the ranks.

He served to the close of the war, and was paroled at Shreveport, La. He returned thence to his native county, Kanawha, to which his mother had again removed from Missouri, and entered upon the serious duties of life at the termination of the great conflict between the States, when the beard of manhood had scarcely yet appeared upon his cheeks.

His education, of course, had been greatly neglected, and he concluded that this was the opportunity for him, if it should ever occur; so he went to Cincinnati: but feeling that the slim resources that his father's fortune had left the mother, brother, and two sisters to secure that education, that great, big, noble-hearted Bishop Whelan offered him an opportunity to enter St. Vincent's College, in Wheeling, which he entered: and there for two and a half years he received the only education he may

be said to have had. Returning to his native county, he entered upon the practice of his profession, and at an early age was elected district attorney of the district in which he lived.

Here he came into contact and in conflict with the great lawyers of West Virginia who were leaders at the bar, and achieved for himself great and noted distinction as a lawyer before he entered this House. It will be remembered that when he first put his foot inside these halls he had not yet reached the age of thirty. He came in at a memorable period of the country's history. He came in when distinguished men sat upon this floor, with age and long experience in public affairs, and he took a position at once in the forefront of the great debaters of the House.

I remember very well to have read in his history of a tribute paid him by that wonderful man who was about going out of public life when Mr. KENNA came into this Hall. That man—a wonderful genius, a great power, whose voice had been heard in the old House of Representatives—when, in the prime of his manhood, he stood up and in thunder tones spoke for the right and for the great principles to which he was devoted; that man whom all the old members of this House remember, sat, unable to stand, in a rolling chair, which was his constant seat, immediately in front of the Speaker; who never lifted his voice in this Hall that there was not a hushed silence on both sides this Chamber and in the galleries, for every word he spoke was a word of wisdom, purity, and uprightness.

It was the great Georgian, Alexander Stephens. And when Mr. KENNA, a young member, had asked him to do him the favor to write his name in his album, Mr. Stephens gave in these words the impression which the young Representative from West Virginia had made upon him.

He addresses him as follows:

Hon. JOHN E. KENNA, *of West Virginia:*

DEAR SIR: You request my autograph in this album. This request, of course, I most cheerfully grant, but in doing it you must allow me to prefix the autograph with a few words expressive of the gratification afforded me from the acquaintance with you formed in this House soon after the organization of the Forty-fifth Congress.

Your *dëbut* as a debater on the 5th of December last, in which you clearly and successfully maintained the rights of your committee in the distribution of public business, will never be forgotten by me.

The very favorable impression made by that *dëbut* was greatly increased by your conduct of the first bill under your charge in the House.

That was only two days ago. This was the bill in relation to the Woodruff scientific expedition around the world.

It was your first bill. It was a measure of great public importance, and the manner in which you so skillfully and successfully conducted it to its final passage, deservedly, allow me to say, won for you not only my own, but the admiration of the House. Please take these reminiscences as matters not inappropriate in complying with your request. Let them go with the autograph.

Yours truly.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS,
Member of Congress, of Georgia.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
January 31, 1878.

This was the tribute, Mr. Speaker, paid by an extraordinary man, himself about to cease to mingle with public affairs and soon to pass away. It was a wonderful tribute, paid by a great departing statesman to one who was just entering the arena of conflict. Alexander Stephens was a great man whose sun was about to sink behind the western horizon, while KENNA'S was just appearing above the east, and the great statesman, departing, recognized in the young man who had come into this House where he had been an aged and experienced member that promise which was eventually so completely and perfectly realized by him.

Mr. KENNA was reëlected to the next Congress, though at that time in feeble health and unable to engage in the canvass, by great unanimity of the convention of his own party, and by

an additional increased majority at the polls in November. While he was in this second Congress, a measure of great importance to the country at large, in which all the States of the Union were taking a great interest, came up to be considered. It was with reference to one of the great parallel lines of railroads running across the continent from east to west.

The legislature of West Virginia had instructed her delegates in Congress to support the Texas Pacific Railroad, a bill then pending in this House. Mr. KENNA, after a very thorough investigation of this bill, determined he could not conscientiously give it his support, and wrote to one of the senators of the body which had adopted the resolution of instructions, and concluded his letter in the following words, that may be of much significance to many of you in this connection, in regard to a great measure of public duty which the people have passed upon so recently.

He said to his friend in the senate:

> To support this measure on my part would be to violate the solemn pledges which I have made an hundred times over to the people of my district. I have not denounced subsidies to come here and support them.
>
> I have not raised my voice in opposition to class legislation against the interests and rights of the masses to come here and lend my voice to the consummation of that very work.
>
> I have not joined in the indignation of my people at the stupendous power and corruption of the American lobby to come here and surrender myself helplessly into its hands.
>
> For my own part, I shall carry out faithfully every pledge I have made to our people.
>
> I shall protect and defend their rights and interests in every manner, and with every faculty, however humble, with which it has pleased God to endow me.
>
> With that view and in discharge of that obligation I can not and will not support this bill nor any other measure involving its principles, its policy, or its practice.

It was a bold stand for a young man who was serving his second term in Congress to take against the unanimous action

of the legislature of his own State, but he was rewarded for that fidelity to duty and that allegiance to principle which distinguished him then and ever afterwards as long as he lived on earth. The legislature reversed its action and vindicated its determined Representative, who had had the courage of his convictions to oppose a measure which had the popular sanction.

Mr. KENNA'S service in this Hall was of such a character that after three terms his people, though he was still a very young man, thought he ought to be transferred to the other branch of the National Legislature. But, Mr. Speaker, I may be permitted to allude to one other event in his history as a Representative before I proceed to consider his career as a Senator. It was a very memorable one, and the gentleman who has been acting as temporary Speaker during the early part of this evening, as well as many others whom I see before me, will remember the occurrence.

It was in the Forty-seventh Congress when he had that wonderful conflict with the then Speaker of the House. Mr. KENNA was nominated as a Representative in the Forty-seventh Congress by acclamation, and it was in that Congress that the memorable passage at arms occurred between him and Mr. Keifer, the then Speaker of the House.

The Speaker had reprimanded Mr. Money, a Representative from the State of Mississippi.

"Can it be," exclaimed Mr. KENNA, "that the Speaker essayed to reprimand a representative of the people in the absence of action by the House?"

The affirmative of this was vehemently insisted upon, accompanied with applause by those who shared the Speaker's convictions on this subject. Mr. KENNA thereupon offered a resolution reciting what had occurred and providing for prompt and heroic treatment of the subject. His resolution was received

with profound silence, which became, if possible, more intense as the statement preceding it, which supported it, was read. But the Speaker receded from his asserted authority, and the resolution was withdrawn amidst the applause of the House whose dignity and character it had maintained.

Such, Mr. Speaker, was the character of the services of Mr. KENNA in this House. He was soon transferred to the other branch of the National Legislature, and there, though he came into the Senate when such men as Thurman and Beck sat upon the Democratic side, and Sherman and Logan and other great debaters on the other, he sprang into the first rank in that grave body of debaters and statesmen and thinkers.

On more than one occasion he measured lances with the ablest men of the Senate, and particularly on the occasion when the course of the then President of the United States, Grover Cleveland, was challenged by the action of the Senate in refusing to send to the Senate the papers upon which his appointments rested. On that occasion the appointments to office of Mr. Cleveland, more than a thousand in number, were suspended for a long while under the adverse action of the Senate, insisting that they were entitled to have those papers before the action of confirmation was taken.

It was on that occasion that the young Senator from West Virginia made the memorable speech of his life, which placed him side by side with the great debaters of the Senate. The manner in which he spoke, the character of the audience he addressed, and the effect which he produced are so much better narrated by his biographer than I could speak it that I may be pardoned by the House if I read a paragraph giving a description of that speech and its effect:

Mr. KENNA's speech on this occasion was exhaustive, and the audience which confronted him, embracing substantially both Houses of Congress, as well as the visitors who crowded the galleries, was one of the most distinguished that ever assembled in the great Chamber. The history of the

subject was reviewed from Washington, through successive administrations, to Cleveland. The review was elaborate, coherent, caustic. The utterances of Washington, Madison, Jackson, Webster, and of John Sherman, while Secretary of the Treasury, were invoked with commanding power, and the incidents of Johnson's administration, with the contemporaneous records of Blaine, Sherman, Edmunds, Logan, and others, were exhibited with an effect which aroused and swayed the vast audience.

The constitutional feature was argued and presented with precision, clearness, and simplicity, and, withal, the speech was strongest for its dignity and fairness. It is the ablest of the productions of its author, and upon it his friends would be quite willing that his standard should be measured. For three hours and twenty minutes Mr. KENNA held the undivided attention of the remarkable gathering which surrounded him, and concluded amidst the most cordial demonstrations of applause. Thenceforward, to the close of the Cleveland administration, he was recognized among its strongest bulwarks and best defenders.

Mr. KENNA was a man of sturdy physical constitution and of sturdy brain power. He reaped the reward of obedience to that decree of the Master from which none of us can escape, which is written in the eternal law, that by the sweat of our faces we shall earn our bread—a law that applies not alone to the muscle and the thew and the sinew and the bone and the blood of the laboring man, but applies with equal power to the brain of the man of thought and study and reflection. Obedience to this law from early youth made him what he was.

Residence in the country where he lived naturally made him so, for he had lived in that country which is probably one of the most beautiful regions of our great and beautiful land. He lived on the banks of the Kanawha, rushing through the Alleghany Mountains, and watched its turbid force sweeping the bowlders from the center of the stream and lashing the rock-ribbed shores on either side, sweeping down to the ocean. It was possibly from such acclivity as the Hawks Nest, and looking at this wonderful waste of power the young statesman said, "Can we not utilize these great forces of nature?" And when he came into the Halls of Congress he proposed those bills which finally were formulated and enacted and recorded

upon the statute books, which gave to West Virginia, through the Kanawha River, slack-water navigation, and found a market for the great black diamonds with which her mountains are filled and the great ores that are imbedded in them.

It was natural, therefore, that he should become a man of great physical power and great mental power. He delighted in the chase. He delighted in outdoor exercise. As he walked over those magnificent meadows of Virginia, over which the green carpet fashioned by the hand of the Master was spread, and looked up into those lofty mountains, sometimes glassed in sunshine, and sometimes covered with shadow, and sometimes the home of the storm-god, it was not unnatural that the warp and woof of his mind should partake of the character and nature of the great country in which he was born and reared.

I have now the pleasing memory, Mr. Speaker, of an incident which occurred only last summer, when he was already stricken with the fatal malady which carried him to his grave. He came from the Senate Chamber and taking his seat by me and giving me that cordial shake of the hand which always made one feel so happy, and smiling with that smile which had the softness of a boy, when last I saw him, he said to me, "I have come to ask you to do me a favor." I said, "What is it, Mr. KENNA?" He said, "I want you to go on the cars with me to-night to Charleston, the capital of my State, and make an address to the old Confederate veterans to-morrow." I said to him, "This is short notice, my friend." He said, "Yes; but I am in trouble about it. I am too ill to speak myself, and the friends whom I had expected to go are also ill. I request as a personal favor to me that you will go with me and deliver the address." I consented to do it. And I was repaid by the fact that he went with me and that when we reached Charleston and crossed the bridge to the eastern side

of the city, and the veterans who had served with him when he was but a boy extended their hands to him (and he knew the names of all of them), and when I saw the eyes of the old soldiers light up with delight and their faces glow with pleasure as they saw their boy-comrade coming to fulfill the promise which he had made that he would be with them, I was repaid for all the trouble of that journey.

If that had not been sufficient, when I saw the greeting that he received from the audience assembled in the theater, as he spoke but a few words, being unable to speak more, I was again repaid. And I was more than repaid for the labor and trouble of travel by seeing that greeting which came from his venerable mother. And he said to me when he introduced her to me, "I introduce her not only as my mother, for we are attached not alone by the ties of loving mother and dutiful son, but we have been life-long companions, counseling and advising with one another, and it is as such that I now make my mother known to you."

Such was the character of the man that everybody loved him and no good man could be his enemy. He lived amid these scenes surrounded by his people, and passed away at last, scarce arriving at middle age, after having attained all of the honorable positions which ambition generally proposes at a later date. Ambition with him had been noble, manly, and honorable.

Ambition with him was not such a passion as that which sways the human heart almost from the cradle to the grave, when all other passions and emotions are burned to ashes and cinders on its altar; but his was a noble, a beautiful, a Christian ambition, which was supplemented by that endeavor which forces us to be honest and upright; and these influences upheld him on all occasions.

No man within the limits of my knowledge, in the House of Representatives, or in the Hall at the other end of the Capitol,

the Senate, has won for himself a distinction greater, more deserving, or more honorable than he whom I am delighted to call my friend, the Hon. JOHN EDWARD KENNA, of West Virginia.

ADDRESS OF MR. WILSON, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. SPEAKER: I have no extended eulogium to deliver over the dead Senator from West Virginia. This has been most feelingly and eloquently done by those who have preceded me; by Representatives from his own State who had long known him and loved him in all the relations of life. I come before you on this occasion not only to express my own sincere sorrow at the untimely death of this brilliant statesman, but to voice the feelings of the people of my own State, of which Senator KENNA was at one time a citizen.

He has but met the common fate of man; he has paid nature the last debt, and now, after life's titful fever is over, sleeps in the bosom of his native State which he loved and served so well in this Hall, as well as in that at the other end of the Capitol. In all the weird procession of Senators and Representatives that has passed through these historic halls to the land of shadows, there was no kindlier, gentler, braver, brighter, or truer spirit than that of JOHN E. KENNA. He was at once the pride of his State, and the best beloved of its people.

Mr. Speaker, I was absent from the Capitol when told by the lightning that Senator KENNA had fallen at his post of duty; that after heroically battling in the unequal struggle for life with the arch enemy of the race with the same sublime courage that characterized all his efforts, from the plow handle of the farmer boy on the primeval prairies of Missouri to a proud seat in the United States Senate, he had at last been vanquished,

but, like the splendid knight that he was, had fallen at his post of duty and with his armor on.

At the earliest practicable hour after taking my seat in the Fifty-first Congress I sought out Senator KENNA and made his personal acquaintance. I did so because he was regarded with affection by the people of my own State, among whom he had lived some of the most delightful years of his life. I had so often heard from the lips of his comrades, and especially from those of his old commander, the story of his daring life, when as a boy-soldier he flashed his saber always to the front on the battle day, in the invincible brigade led by the Murat of the Confederate army in the transmississippi department—the impetuous Shelby.

I had heard from those who had shared his blanket in the cheerless bivouac and who had swept to the charge with him, when death was so close he could "hear the very beat of its wing," of his gentleness in camp, and of his heroism upon the field, that I wanted to take him by the hand and to tell him how the "old boys" still remembered and loved him. I did so; it gave him undisguised satisfaction, and from that day until the day of his death I entertained for JOHN E. KENNA the most affectionate regard.

When the old monarch of the forest, after having for more than a century braved the storms until scarred by the envious lightning and riven by the fierce winds, hastens to decay, and when no longer able to hold up its withered arms falls heavily to the earth, it stirs the heart to melancholy sadness; but when the giant oak, towering aloft in the glory of perfect strength and rejoicing in its vigorous growth, is rudely stricken by the fury of the elements and lies prone upon the protesting earth, it arouses the deepest sorrow at the untimely fall.

And so it is with this splendid man. His death was untimely, both for his country and for those who loved him.

He had scarce lived out half the measure of his days as allotted by the Psalmist. He was in the very meridian of life, in the full flush of glorious manhood, when stricken down. But notwithstanding his early death, Senator KENNA had accomplished a long lifetime of deeds—good deeds—sufficient to make his life illustrious.

He went out, as you and I will go, Mr. Speaker, when the summons comes, alone into the darkness, and silently embarked upon the shoreless sea.

Did he go to the deathless solitude of forgetfulness in the bosom of the earth as does the giant young oak when prematurely and rudely broken, or is he not at this very moment beyond the stars, realizing the promises of the lowly Nazarene given to those who should follow in His ways?

There are moments in the lives of the wisest and best when, scourged with doubt as to whether "it is all of life to live and all of death to die," we tremble as we contemplate our inevitable departure to that undiscovered country from which not one single, solitary explorer has ever returned to tell to the living the tale of his travels.

This awful thought has agitated the breasts of men through all the ages, and nowhere have I found the aspirations of the human heart better expressed in its solacing reflections than by Cato. When soliloquizing he says:

> Plato, thou reasonest well!
> Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
> This longing after immortality?
> Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
> Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
> Back on itself, and startles at destruction?
> 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us.

In Statuary Hall, under the Dome of this Capitol, can be found the marble effigies of many of the great men who shed undying luster upon the history of our country—statesmen

and soldiers—and it does honor to the Commonwealth he served and gives consolation to those who loved him to know that the departed statesman whose memory I now recall and whose bright virtues I now recount will soon be perpetuated in enduring marble and occupy a place in this American Pantheon, where, though mute, it shall survive as long as this temple shall stand to eloquently proclaim to the youth of America the wonderful possibilities guaranteed to them by the spirit of our institutions, be they rich or poor, high or lowly born.

ADDRESS OF MR. PENDLETON, OF WEST VIRGINIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: It strikes me that it would cost one little trouble to speak words of fitting eulogy on the life and character of the late JOHN E. KENNA. Everyone who knew him knew that his character was beyond reproach, and that he stood as more than a peer among the greatest men of his own State.

I did not know him so well or intimately as my colleague from the Third district of the State of West Virginia, but I shall never forget the occasion upon which I first met him.

More than seventeen years ago I had an engagement with a young friend of mine to call upon a young lady in the city of Wheeling. I went to the hotel where we were to meet in order to make that call. I found there with my young friend a tall, stately, and distinguished looking young man, who was then introduced to me as JOHN E. KENNA, of the county of Kanawha, in the State of West Virginia. I am glad that we made that call together.

Mr. KENNA proposed that he should accompany us, which he did, and, as the result of that call, in a little more than one

year thereafter that young lady became the wife of the distinguished gentleman, afterwards Senator from the State of West Virginia.

From that time I became interested in that young man. I studied his career as that of a man likely to win for himself a reputation among the statesmen of our country. At the age of twenty-seven years he was elected to represent the Third Congressional district of the State of West Virginia in the House of Representatives of the United States, and after serving his State for a period of six years in the House of Representatives, so distinguished was his conduct, so proud had our people become of the reputation he had won for himself here, that when he had been elected by nearly 7,000 majority to serve his constituents for a fourth term upon the floor of the House of Representatives he was by almost the unanimous vote of his own party promoted to the Senate of United States, where, after a service of distinguished honor, of grand and magnificent attainments, he was finally called to that bourne whence no traveler returns.

Sixteen years in the Congress of the United States, he had hardly reached the age of forty-four years. At that period of life if Julius Cæsar had departed to the unknown world, he would not have filled a page of history. If Napoleon Bonaparte had gone to the unknown land he would not have fought the battle of Waterloo, have lost the throne of the great empire of modern times, or spent days of exile on the island of St. Helena.

It had been my intention, sir, upon an occasion of this character, to indulge in remarks of greater length than I shall offer to the House to-night. But I know the pressing condition of the public business that is called to the attention of this body. I know also that there are other distinguished gentlemen, as distinguished and eloquent as those who have preceded me, who

desire to pay their tribute to West Virginia's most distinguished son. And I feel that if I should detain you long to listen to any words that I may utter in commemoration of JOHN E. KENNA, I should do violence to your patience and trespass upon your time.

In the brief time allotted to us I feel that you would rather listen to others who can better eulogize or more fascinatingly attract. His spirit is here to night, where he formerly was foremost in debate and easily first in parliamentary struggle; and his name will long be remembered here as an inspiration to us to do much and dare all in every just and noble cause. His early-won fame will excite the emulation of the young and will teach them that youth is no bar to progress or to lofty achievement. The respect we all feel for him tells the way to win it for ourselves, while his early struggles and final success indicates to all what may be done by pluck, energy, and talent.

All can not reach KENNA'S reputation; all may not attract the affection lavished upon him, but we can live in the light of his great example and follow as best we may where he has led. In striving to be like him, we shall best honor his memory and do no little for ourselves.

This feeble tribute does him but little justice, and will give to the future but an ill drawn picture of West Virginia's favorite son.

But I feel that however great West Virginia's sons may be in the future, however grand may be the reputation that they may win for themselves, whatever proclamation may be made for them by the wide trumpet of renown, it will be many long years before either the House of Representatives or the Senate of the United States will look again upon the like of JOHN E. KENNA. And I am sure that while our mountains rear their lofty crests toward the heavens, while our valleys continue green, and while West Virginians remember the history and achieve-

ments of their distinguished sons, grand among the great, glorious among the good, and forever remembered will be the cherished name of JOHN EDWARD KENNA, of West Virginia.

ADDRESS OF MR. COVERT, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. SPEAKER: My friend from West Virginia [Mr. ALDERSON], who so loyally and gracefully and eloquently opened these proceedings, needed not to apologize for any supposed extravagance of utterance. Too much can not be said in the direction of praise and eulogy of JOHN E. KENNA. There are occasions when the lips are dumb and when the heart speaks only. A cordon of devoted friends in this Chamber have spoken and are yet to speak in what phrase they may of him who, living, was loved as man is rarely loved by men. But a language deeper and much more eloquent has been and will be left unspoken. These unuttered words, this mute language, the hearts of us all keep closely guarded within, as much too sacred for utterance.

Perhaps all sadness is in a sense selfish, and the deepest sorrow the greatest selfishness. When one who has been eminent in his country's service is taken from us in the midst of his usefulness, the larger loss to the land is not the first reflection that comes to those who were closely associated with him who has gone. The knowledge that we shall miss the warm hand clasp—that we shall hear no more the kindly voice and that we shall on earth never again stand in the presence of our companion and friend; these are the thoughts that first come to us—this personal reflection is our first and greatest grief.

Not his district and his State alone recognize the brilliant intellectual qualities of JOHN E. KENNA. The whole country acknowledged his preëminent ability. But it did not know

him as we knew him—we who were his close and attached friends. The whole land admired him; but love, warm and devoted, was mingled with our admiration.

Not anywhere in the pages of romance, not anywhere in the legends which tell of chivalry and knighthood, can be found passages challenging our admiration more strongly than do the achievements which make up the life story of him who has gone from us.

JOHN E. KENNA was literally the child of the State. The community in which he lived adopted him when a poor and friendless orphan boy, protected him in his youth, and promoted him as his deserving demanded advancement. And never did devoted son make fuller and more loyal return to loving mother than did Senator KENNA to the State he served. He gloried in her material prosperity, a condition he labored most zealously to advance, and he loved her mountains, her valleys, and her streams. More than all else, he loved her people, and in their behalf no effort was too exacting, no labor too arduous.

At the coming together of the Forty-fifth Congress his State sent as one of her Representatives here this broad-browed young man, with a soul as pure as her own mountain streams and a heart as generous and as loyal as ever throbbed on earth. At once he took front rank in the galaxy of brilliant young men and bright new members that helped to make that Congress memorable in parliamentary annals. The rest of the history of his comparatively brief life has been told us to-night and is known to the people of the whole land. The records of this House and of the Senate of the United States show how faithfully he labored, not only for the people whose immediate representative he was, but for the triumph of those principles and practices of government in which he sincerely believed.

He had a firm and unyielding faith in his fellow-men. Indeed,

his character was a most exquisite and harmonious blending of qualities, each one most admirable in itself. The generous heart of the impulsive boy and the brain of the intellectual giant were both his, and a pervading cheerfulness and brightness were with him qualities of heart and mind alike.

Indeed, it may be said of Senator KENNA as it was spoken of a distinguished French author, that whatever might have been the conditions that surrounded him, "he went through life with a smile in his soul."

In my room the other evening a mutual friend speculated with me upon what Mr. KENNA'S life would have been had it been lived in another land than ours. Proud of his Irish ancestry, had his lot been cast on the other side of the ocean he would doubtless have been found in the forefront of the battle for the larger liberty of the land of his fathers; and in a contest such as this he would have been the champion of champions, for JOHN E. KENNA believed in the fullest possible freedom of thought and action. "He was a bigot only in his hatred of bigotry."

Whatever he might have accomplished under other conditions and with other environments, it is well for us that the land of his birth and of his home was free America. His life record should teach us many lessons, and it has surely served as a guide and chart to others. It should encourage any father in this land, however poor and lowly he may be, laudably ambitious for the future of his boy, to say to him: "I may not be able to leave you any fortune, I may have no money to bequeath to you when I am gone, I may not leave to you a 'claim of long descent,' but I can leave to you and I will leave to you that most priceless of all legacies, the heritage of American citizenship, with all its glorious possibilities." And the bright, ambitious boy, looking to the life story of JOHN E. KENNA, will thereafter see fewer "lions in the path" and fewer thorns

in the way as he struggles onward and upward toward the realization of his ideals.

Reference has been made by the gentleman who preceded me [Mr. PENDLETON] to the fact that Senator KENNA died at an age when most great men had not achieved their highest measure of distinction. It is true indeed that with him the sun had set before it was midday. But—

> Better fifty years of Europe
> Than a cycle of Cathay.

Better—infinitely better—the short span lived by JOHN E. KENNA, amid the honorable activities of life, than lengthened days passed within narrower environments and in the pursuit of more sordid ends.

Just as a weary child, pillowing its head upon the warm bosom of a fond mother, passes to repose, so West Virginia's dead Senator rests to-night beneath the sod of the State to which he was so devotedly attached, for whose advancement he labored, and in whose service he died. He had lived an earnest, noble life. He still lives, and will live while memory lasts, in the hearts of countless friends, while imperishable history will forever keep his memory green.

ADDRESS OF MR. CARUTH, OF KENTUCKY.

Mr. SPEAKER: I esteem it an honor to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of so distinguished a statesman as JOHN E. KENNA, of West Virginia.

It was at the close of the Congressional elections of 1886 that I sought to regain health and strength, after the toils and cares of a political contest, which had ended by my being accredited here as a member of this body. On the train on

which I journeyed to the seashore I first met the man whose untimely death a nation mourns. Of course I knew him by reputation. Indeed he was, during the contest which had just ended, at the head of the Congressional executive committee of the party whose candidate I had been in the district in which I lived.

This alone would have attracted my attention to him; but when to this was added my knowledge of the fact that he had served three terms in the lower House—its youngest member—and had so won fame and honor that his people had, after electing him for the fourth time to a seat in this body, chosen him, before he had even entered upon that term, as a Senator from his State, and when I recalled the further fact that, although the youngest member of that dignified body of statesmen, he had at once taken rank and forged to the front as legislator and as lawyer, I was prepared to admire and respect him. No man was more congenial or cordial in the intercourse of private life.

I was of course charmed and fascinated by his personality, and before that journey terminated there had sprung up between us an acquaintance which soon became friendship, a friendship rendered nearer and dearer as the months and years ripened and died into the past.

It was my misfortune to be stretched on a bed of illness in my Kentucky home when the news flashed over the wires that this man, who had made his name renowned and his State distinguished, had been called from the pains and sufferings of life to the rest eternal. I could not stand by the bier of my friend, or pay the last mournful tribute the living can pay the dead, but my heart went out in sorrow to that loving wife, to the dear children who had thus been bereft, and I mourned over the loss to his State and his country. He was stricken down full of honors, but not full of years.

I have sometimes thought it is well to die as KENNA died, whilst the laurel on his brow was green and fresh, and not to linger on till the wreath has withered, until one's days of usefulness are over, and he "lags superfluous on the stage." KENNA died before forty-five years of life were his. He had been soldier, lawyer, Congressman, Senator, and in every station of life he had so discharged his duty as to win the esteem and admiration of his fellows. It was a wonderful career!

Some of the scenes of his eventful life pass now before my mind's eye. I see him the fatherless boy at eight, thoughtful of mother and of sisters, looking forward to the time when they should lean for support upon his loving arm. I see him at sixteen, listening to the call of duty and offering his services, if needs be his life, to the cause he had espoused. I see him returning, after the banner he had helped to bear aloft was trailed in the dust of defeat, impoverished, but yet full of courage, determined that success should yet be his, determined that he—

> Would not die like a dull worm—to rot,
> Thrust foully into earth, to be forgot;

but that his name and his fame should outlive his life. I see him building his own fire, cooking his own food, working late into the night to equip himself for the practice of his chosen profession. I see him, the young lawyer, chosen by his people to prosecute the offenders against justice, upholding with eloquence and with power the majesty of the law.

Before me, too, appears this great scene in his life. When a beardless stripling he announced himself a candidate for a seat in this body. His neighbors, who had known him long, but who thought wisdom could come only with years and knowledge with gray hairs, shook their heads and said: "He is too young, too inexperienced."

Doubtless at this time he had hours of deepest sorrow, when he yearned for the encouragement of a friendly voice, the strength of a friendly hand. These were times when despair seized his soul and hope seemed dead. Alas! how great was the struggle.

> For who can tell how hard it is to climb
> The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?
> Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
> Has felt the influence of malignant star
> And waged with fortune an eternal war?

The brave, ambitious, and determined spirit of JOHN E. KENNA did not yield to despair, but facing that people he told the pathetic story of his life; he pictured his struggles and his hopes, and opposition melted before him. He came to the House; he won the praise of his elders; he gained the love of his people. He was sent to the Senate, age respected him; wisdom acknowledged his fellowship; the Senators admired him. His sun of glory was shining; it could be dimmed only by the darkness of death.

Unlike many of those who have risen to distinction among their fellow-men, he lost none of those personal traits which endear them to those about them, but loved to mingle with them on the most social and friendly terms.

With him life was not made to be a dreary, forbidding thing, but bright and beautiful and happy. He felt that it was our duty in life—

> To pluck the flowers that round us blow,
> Scattering our fragrance as we go—

and all who knew him will bear testimony that he made the life of those with whom he associated brighter and happier when he was with them.

JOHN E. KENNA was an orator, not one of those who depend upon rhetorical arts for effect, and study pretty phrases to

please the ear, but one gifted with the eloquence of earnestness and the power of speech which moves the hearts and judgment of men. The records of this House and the Senate contain upon their pages the evidence of his power as a speaker. He touched no subject which he did not illuminate with his wisdom, and men who listened to his utterances were made wiser by the hearing.

But the genial, social KENNA—"in wit a man, simplicity a child"—is no more. The tender, loving husband, the doting father, will sit no more at the family fireside or gather the loved ones to his arms. The wise legislator will no more place his imprint upon his country's laws. The great orator will no more lift his voice in the people's cause on the hustings or in Congress halls. Life holds him to earth no more. "The mortal has put on immortality;" the spirit has returned to the God who gave it; and eternity will reward with blessings and happiness forevermore he whose earthly career benefited all and injured none.

His body lies in the soil of his native State, but his fame is the property of the Republic.

The people who loved him, the State he honored, will place in yonder Memorial Hall between the House and the Senate, in both of which bodies he served with so much distinction, his marble form; and the youth of America in ages yet to come will gaze on his features and, remembering his career, will take up more cheerfully the burden of life and set out on the course before them with renewed courage and hope.

He did not seek to gather the wealth of earth. His thirst was for fame, not gold. He leaves no riches, such as the world counts riches, to wife or children, but he does leave a heritage which gold could never buy—a stainless reputation and a deathless name.

Address of Mr. Fellows, of New York.

Mr. Speaker: These fast-flying moments remind me that the tribute I shall pay to-night must be limited to the utterance of very few words. In the busy rush and activity of duty we may not even pause too long by the tomb. The obligations we owe the living supersede those we owe the dead, and those obligations must be discharged, however deep the emotions or profound the sentiments which would lead us to express our sorrow at the loss of one who has borne so large a part of the burden and been so conspicuous in life's battle as he whose memory we honor to-night.

Besides, sir, I am not one of those who can bring to an occasion of this kind that decorum and calm composure which should always be the attributes of public speech. Not when I stand by the grave which holds all that could die of one I loved with a brother's love, can I command those faculties of brain and judgment which will fashion speech to appropriate form. Here the heart and the emotion, rather than the intellect, seek expression, and it is of the friend and not the statesman I speak to-night.

It was under the direct auspices of Mr. Kenna that I first visited West Virginia and became acquainted with her people. It was as his guest at his home, at frequently recurring periods since that time, in the political battles which have marshaled forces in this Republic, that it was my privilege, at his fireside and his table, to share his companionship. I learned to know him well; and to those who knew him, that is equivalent to saying that I loved him very dearly; and one of the happiest recollections of my life shall be that I believe John E. Kenna loved me too. It is very much to the credit of any

man, whoever he may be, who is found worthy to have shared the friendship and affection of JOHN E. KENNA.

I shall not talk of the statesman. It would be an unjust criticism upon the noble State which invested him with her higher dignities to assume for one moment that he was not fully equal to every position to which he was called; but I shall speak of him only a moment or two to-night as I love best to think of him.

He was a man who won the love of his fellows. I wonder, sir, if in the clash of life's mad ambitions, if in the rush of the pursuits of which all of us are a part, we ever stop to think how much that implies. The honors and distinctions, the loyal wreaths of life, its wealth and emoluments, those things which most excite and animate men, we understand perfectly well; but I am one of those who believe that the gratification of every ambition of that kind brings to no individual so much of real happiness and contributes to earth not nearly so much of benefaction as the life and career of one who so lives that he wins the love and esteem of others.

Little children grew up in the presence of JOHN E. KENNA and deemed him always their friend; and there can be no higher evidence of a man's quality than that. He never went to bed at night without the consciousness that he had assuaged some sorrow, alleviated some woe, poured some little of the pure wine of life into the cup of some one who otherwise would have tasted only life's bitter dregs and lees.

Others shall speak of him as a statesman. Comrades now fast dying will love to recall him as comrade in the bitter hours of trial. They will place his marble monument in yonder hall, consecrated to the effigies of those whom States deem most worthy to honor; but surviving all other distinctions that he won, leading the entire procession, they shall write of JOHN E. KENNA, as the angel wrote of Ben Adhem, he was one who loved his fellow-men.

Address of Mr. Springer, of Illinois.

Mr. Speaker: In the closing hours of the last session of this Congress, when business of the greatest importance is pressing upon us and demanding every moment of our time, it seems almost impossible to pause for sufficient length of time to do justice to the deeds and memory of John E. Kenna. But I can not permit this occasion to pass, however precious the time may be, without contributing my testimony, however briefly it may be stated, to the noble character, the spotless integrity, and distinguished ability of our deceased friend.

Surely in the very midst of life we are in death. Our lamented friend has fallen in the prime of manhood, in the very hour of his greatest opportunities for usefulness; in a time when his State and his country had the greatest reason to believe that he would be able to confer lasting blessings upon them and meet the highest expectations of his family and friends in the attainment of honorable distinction.

It is a strange and unaccountable Providence that removes from our midst those best fitted by training, by ability, and by the highest attributes of true manhood for noble work, for valuable services in the cause of the state and in behalf of mankind. But we are not presumed to know the mysteries of the Infinite, nor is it best that we should know. We must accept the Divine decree, knowing that He who created us and gave us life and being doeth all things well.

That life is long which answers life's great end.

We can not measure the life of John E. Kenna by the years which he has lived. His deeds, his achievements have already answered the great end of life. He was elected a mem-

ber of this House when only twenty-eight years old, and was transferred to the Senate seven years later. He had scarcely reached the age of forty-five when his life's labors were ended. We can hardly realize that he has gone from our midst, never to return again.

Many of those about me remember his services as a member of this House. We who had the honor to serve with him remember his many acts of kindness to his fellow-members. He was uniformly kind and urbane to all. He maintained at all times a judicial poise, a noble bearing, and a quiet dignity. Although one of the youngest if not the youngest member of the House, he at once took rank with those of maturer years and long experience. He had few equals in debate, and his words always commanded the attention of the House. He was a forcible speaker, and at times eloquent. But his genial manner and kindly treatment of his fellow-members won for him the admiration and love of all.

We sincerely deplore his loss. By his State and country it will be deeply felt and long deplored. But to his wife and family his loss is irreparable. He was a devoted husband, a kind father, a noble friend.

Our words of eulogy can not

> Soothe the dull cold ear of death.

Perhaps it may, however, be some consolation to his bereaved wife and family to know that others mourn his untimely death; that those who knew him when he was away from the family circle also learned to love him; that others will cherish his memory; that other hearts bled and other eyes were filled with tears when his spirit took its everlasting flight and his body was consigned to the silent tomb.

But is this all? Are our thoughts to cluster alone about his grave, and to contemplate the processes of nature by which earth returns to earth, ashes to ashes? No; not so. There is

a life beyond the grave; a life which our deceased brother lives to-night; a life not broken or marred by partings or sighs; a life of eternal happiness. May we who still pursue our earthly way so improve our opportunities that we may live hereafter that better life beyond the tomb.

ADDRESS OF MR. MANSUR, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. SPEAKER: There is mourning in West Virginia. Mourning in the valley and on the mountain top, in cabin, mansion, and statehouse; for a mighty man in Israel has fallen; fallen in the plenitude of his fame, fallen while yet in the meridian of life, fallen while the future was still roseate with honors, that needed but time to permit their plucking; for, from past deeds achieved, there was nothing in the political arena to which JOHN E. KENNA might not have aspired, had three-score and ten years crowned his life.

Away beyond the Father of Waters there is mourning also, for in Carroll County, in the State of Missouri, in my own district, Senator KENNA resided while a lad, and left that State to enter the Confederate service.

Loving kindred there abide with whom the dead Senator lived when a lad; also old settlers, who knew the bright and winsome youth, and who in later years crooned with delight as they murmured his praise and watched his onward and upward flight to greatness. All these, with thousands of others the Union over, mourn and lament with the people of West Virginia in their sadness.

In a recent letter written to me by his uncle, James V. Lewis, at present the sheriff of Carroll County, Mo., are given some

of the incidents and trials of his early life, which I here incorporate as a part of my remarks:

CARROLLTON, MO., *March 5, 1893.*

DEAR SIR: Yours of recent date asking me for a brief sketch of Johnnie's life while in Missouri received yesterday, and in answer would say that myself and wife, knowing that sister, Johnnie's mother, then Mrs. Kenna, had nothing on which to support herself and three children, invited her to come to Missouri and make her home with us; and accepting our invitation, they arrived at our house, near Lexington, Lafayette County, in April, 1858. Johnnie, her only son and eldest child, at that time was 9 years old.

We moved to Carroll County in 1860 on a raw tract of 240 acres prairie land, and Johnnie helped me to improve the farm. He worked hard and drove four yoke of oxen drawing a prairie plow. In 1863 or 1864, I think it was on one of Gen. Price's raids, some of Shelby's men crossed over on the north side of the Missouri River, and Johnnie, still a boy only about 15 years old, joined them and went out near where the town of Norborne now stands to capture some Federals; and in the fight which ensued John was shot through the left arm and wounded pretty severely. He came by my house that night, and my wife dressed and bandaged his arm and tried to get him not to go until his arm was healed, as she loved him as one of her own children, but he laughed and said it was not much of a wound; that the bone was not broken.

He went on that night and crossed the river and joined Gen. Shelby's command the next day, we hearing nothing more from him until the war closed, when he returned to my house, and finding all of us gone and learning that his mother was in Virginia he returned there, having accepted the money on which to make the trip from a friend of mine acquainted with the circumstances at the time.

Myself and wife loved Johnnie as one of our own children, he was so kind and respectful to us. It really seemed to me that it was a pleasure to him to do whatever he could to please us. This is a brief sketch of his life while in Missouri. Of his subsequent life you are well acquainted. Wishing you godspeed, I am,

Yours, respectfully,

J. V. LEWIS.

Hon. C. H. MANSUR, *Washington, D. C.*

"Johnnie!" To his aged uncle and aunt he is still "Johnnie," for they "loved him as one of their own children," for "it was a pleasure for him to do whatever he could to please his uncle and aunt." There is woe and sorrow in their hearts at "Johnnie's" death. In this simple tribute we have the char-

acteristics in the child that later in life made the man so charming, so lovable to all who knew him.

In the summer of 1865, after the war closed, and after his return to Carroll County, Mo., when only a little over seventeen years of age, he applied to Hall & Eads, of Carrollton, Mo., an eminent firm of lawyers, to study law in their office, and made all arrangements to do so, showing an earnest anxiety to enter upon his chosen profession. Some two weeks later he gave up that intention to return to West Virgina. In this country, prolific as it has been of great intellectual careers, there are few that shine with greater brilliancy, or where more was achieved under adverse circumstances or more enduring fame in a shorter period of life.

At eighteen years of age, without money or powerful friends, wholly without education, save the simple art of reading and writing. In the next twenty-five years he did this: gained a liberal education, was admitted to the bar, became prosecuting attorney of the capital county of his State, thence to be judge, Representative in Congress, and Senator; to die when not yet forty-five years of age. Six years a member of this House and ten years in the United States Senate attest the wonderful virility of his intellectual powers.

Fourty-four States adorn the arch of the Union. All save West Virginia were born and admitted into the Union in a time of peace and by peaceful methods. When a mighty internecine war was raging, when two millions of armed men were struggling for supremacy, when hatred, passion, and malevolence filled the land, West Virginia, by the Cæsarean operation of war, was cleft from the South—riven from the heart and side of Virginia; made an independent sovereign State; admitted into the Union to take rank as a loyal commonwealth.

The great mass of her citizens in unison with the asundering of West Virginia; therefore patriotic, loyal to the Consti-

tution and the Union, it is surprising, nay, astonishing, that an unlettered, uneducated youth of eighteen who had fought with all the fiery zeal of an ardent boy to destroy and overturn that cause, that Union, that evoked West Virginia into existence, could enter that State, forlorn, penniless, friendless, and unlettered, overcome that political hatred, dissipate that passion, that malevolence, and in the short period of eleven years be her trusted representative in the lower House of Congress, and six years later, by the loving fealty of her people, their honored and adored Senator.

Mr. Speaker, I know not where to turn for an illustration of greater achievements under more adverse conditions in so short a time. Unlettered, he became learned; friendless, his friends were legion; forlorn and penniless, life became brilliant, and all the comforts with many of the luxuries of life were his. It is the tale of an American Aladdin's lamp.

Let us hunt for the touchstones that gave light to this Aladdin's lamp. JOHN E. KENNA'S physical frame was a thing of beauty, only paralleled by the virile, loving, and acute spirit that inhabited it. Genial, affable, loving in look and manner, all became his friends who knew him. A mind that could not contemplate a dirty action toward friend or foe, a mind so pure that it is doubtful if a deliberately profane or vulgar thought ever found a resting place therein; an intellect that year by year came nearer the infinite as it grew in strength, incisive as the lightning, penetrating all questions considered to the heart's core, illuminating all propositions discussed, judging all matters of statecraft with the wisdom of a statesman and the philanthropy of a patriot and philosopher, is it any wonder that he was a Senator at thirty-five and dying at forty-four is lamented by his State with a lamentation that permeates every family in her border, his fame to be perpetuated in marble, fashioned in his living image, and placed in this proud Capitol, where his greatest renown was won.

Mr. Speaker, I have preferred to speak in general terms of his brilliant career. Personal incidents connected with his life in West Virginia and in this city have been so fully stated in the Senate and upon this floor that anything additional upon my part is mere iteration, and done in a less worthy manner than by the many distinguished Senators and Representatives who have already laid the tribute of their heart's affection and of their intellectual greatness upon his bier.

A personal incident or two, and I have done. When I came into this House in the Fiftieth Congress, Senator KENNA hunted me and introduced himself—stated in a most affable, loving, and captivating manner that he was one of my constituents—from the fact that he had lived as a boy long years in my district, and that he should always consider me as his Congressman. Is it a wonder that from that hour I loved him and was his friend?

One other incident. He often spoke to me of the land broken for his uncle, its beauty and fertility, and especially of a tree planted by himself, near the southeast corner of the tract. April last, learning I was about to visit Carroll County, he asked me if not too much trouble would I visit that land, learn if that tree was still growing, and on my return tell him of its condition; for, said he, "I love that tree, I planted it with my own hand when no larger than my thumb, and my relatives used to write me how it flourished, but I have not heard of it in recent years." I assured him it was no trouble, but would be a pleasure.

In company with his cousin, Sinton Lewis, in May last I visited the land. It had just been plowed and carefully harrowed. The entire tract of 80 acres was as smooth and level as Pennsylvania avenue; not a clod as large as a pint measure in sight; the loam black, glistening in the evening sun, fecund as ever land was in the delta of the Nile, a sight to make an

agriculturist's heart laugh with its promises of reward for labor bestowed.

Riding from north to south along the eastern border, we approached the "Kenna tree," as it is known in all that locality, and it, too, was a thing of beauty.

In that rich, prolific soil, exposed on all sides to the full strength of the sun and light, the slender twig planted by KENNA had become the beautiful, towering, and majestic tree; of splendid shape, round topped and well proportioned, there it stood, 60 feet in height, full 2 feet in diameter, a noble cottonwood that in the hot summer made it a thing of joy to all who could gain its restful shade, whether man or beast. It stands alone upon the wide prairie, a monument for all the region round about. I did not return to Washington until about the middle of June last. Soon after I met Senator KENNA, and I told him of the land and of the tree; how it was named and known in all that region, and brought kind messages from relatives and old settlers who remembered him as a youth. For the moment JOHN E. KENNA was a youth again, happy in living upon the memories of his boyhood.

Mr. Speaker, after that I never saw Senator KENNA again.

ADDRESS OF MR. WILSON, OF WEST VIRGINIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: I regret that the pressure of public business, which can not be avoided or delayed in the closing hours of a Congress, does not permit me to bring such a tribute as I could wish to the memory of my deceased colleague. I should like to give some narrative of his life and some deliberate and friendly estimate of Mr. KENNA'S remarkable powers. But I have the gratification of knowing that in the eulogies already pronounced the main facts of his career, both private and pub-

lic, have been recited, and no one could hope to vie with his close and lifelong friend, the Representative of his old district, in the touching earnestness and affection of his tribute. My personal acquaintance with Mr. KENNA began with my Congressional service. Although we were both natives of the same State and active practitioners in her courts, our homes were in distant sections, and my own previous contact with political life had been so slight that I had not met him until I entered the House just as he had been transferred to a seat in the Senate. In common with all the people of West Virginia, I admired his ability and took pride in the distinction he had so quickly and so easily won in that body.

It did not require any long personal association with Mr. KENNA to discover that he was a man richly endowed by nature, and that, in a preëminent degree, his endowment fitted him for the career to which as by an unerring instinct he had early devoted himself. Abounding health, an alert and exceedingly vigorous mind, an ardent and ambitious temperament, a disposition eminently kindly and sociable, and an innate and therefore irrepressible capacity for leadership, these were a part of that endowment.

At home he was perfectly at ease and in close touch with the people, he shared with youthful zest in their sports, he enjoyed as few men did the sharp but honorable contest and strategic management of politics, and he fought a political campaign with the joyous ardor of a born soldier. In Congress, as a member of this House or a Senator, he gave himself with an equal zeal and equal mastery to questions of policy and statesmanship, and debated them with a power for instruction that caused his countrymen to listen to his utterances.

Mr. Speaker, there was something peculiarly and inexpressibly pathetic in the gradual wasting away of such superb bodily vigor as JOHN E. KENNA possessed until the past year

or two. Almost to the last day of his life his friends hoped that the decline would be stayed and that they should see him once more in the enjoyment of the splendid physical manhood that seemed so natural to him. In that hope he long shared. I recall to-night how just before the end of the session, in August last, he came over from the Senate to talk with me about the campaign to be waged in our own State. He was the warm personal friend of Mr. Cleveland, and he realized that a hard and possibly a decisive battle was to be fought in West Virginia. He longed to take his full part in it, and believed that after a few weeks rest among his familiar mountains and at some of their mineral springs, his old time vigor would return, and he would be able to plunge into the thickest of the fight. I encouraged his faith although I could scarcely share in his hope. His wasted body and the deep lines which suffering had written on his face seemed to mock his cheerful and resolute utterances.

Had he found the health he longed for there is no doubt that he would have led in that battle with more than his wonted vigor and defiance of fatigue.

Had his life been continued there is no doubt he would have kept his rank among the leaders of his party and with the foremost public men of the day.

His loss is a loss to his country. To his State it is a bereavement, felt and expressed by all classes and divisions of her people.

The SPEAKER. If no other gentleman desires to submit remarks, the question is upon agreeing to the resolution.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to.

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